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TOIL ON.

BY F. M'M.

Toil on, O weary heart, while yet 'tis day!
Existence is too dear to while away,
In fruitless grief.

Our lives are not so very long—
The ripple of some tender song
Is not more brief.

Then work! In toil there is no shame.
A halo to the rich man's name,
It gilds the humble home.

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE gave it. He would not ask her for many more.

"We are going to sit with you this morning, and cheer you up," said Mrs. Wyoming, as she entered the room, "if you feel equal to it."

Pattie was behind her mother, her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivering with fright.

"Quite," he answered brightly. "I have just been telling Pattie that I am ready for any amount of gossip, after yesterday's rest."

So they spent the morning together, Mrs. Wyoming and the girls at needlework, and Leicester showing even more life and interest in things than usual.

He was evidently excited by the new hopes and prospects that were dawning upon him, and more than once Pattie's mild blue eyes that had wearied of looking into his sightless ones widened with surprise at the great change that had taken place in him, and then fell despondently under the white lids, as though in fear of the harder task that now presented itself—which Rowena, unwittingly, had made so difficult.

After luncheon Leicester lay on the couch to rest, and the others sat in the front room, where they could talk without disturbing him.

Re-entering the room after an absence of a few minutes, Rowena found her aunt and cousin in a state of great excitement.

"What do you think?" said Mrs. Wyoming, as the girl entered the room. "Dolph Carbutt went by only a minute ago, on the other side of the way! Did you ever know such an escape? Suppose he had looked up! He would have seen us, for we did not notice him until he had gone by, and we were sitting close to the window!"

"Oh, then he didn't see you?" observed Rowena, relieved.

"No, fortunately! He was going along quite unconsciously, reading some paper he had in his hand. If he had guessed who was looking at him!"

Mrs. Wyoming laughed rather nervously. So many accidents of late had made her anxious and continually uneasy.

"We shall not be here much more than a week longer. I don't think it will hurt you"—with a glance at the delicate pink-and-white of Pattie's complexion—"to stay in for that time. In fact, I dare not let either of you out, nor go myself after this!"

"I don't want to go, I'm sure," said Pattie, looking ready to cry.

Rowena did not say anything; but she too was glad not to be compelled to go out with her aunt and cousin, and leave Charley alone, as she had been expecting to have to do.

"I shall be thankful when we get away from this!" declared Mrs. Wyoming. "Now girls you are cheated of your concert; but never mind—we must have a little patience, and then——"

She concluded with a significant and encouraging smile at her daughter which received no response.

Pattie had seemed fretful ever since coming back with them from Oxton—a wonderfully long time for her to show temper.

"I would rather not be married at all!" she remarked with a pout.

"And why?" demanded her mother sharply.

"Oh, he's so—he's not so nice as he used to be! He—he talks about things. I don't know what he means, often—and I know he will expect all sorts of things of me that I can never do!"—with a pretty helpless air of injury.

"Come away from the window, Pattie—I won't have you stand so near! I hope you are not trying to let Dolph Carbutt find you out again?"—in a suspicious tone.

"No, indeed!" returned Pattie, with as much disgust as her pretty features could express. "I don't want to see him again as long as I live! But I wish Errol had gone by instead!"

Rowena's heart yearned towards her cousin, who, with all her beauty, was as badly off as herself in the loss of the one whom she loved—though but a moment before she had found it hard to keep still and listen to her talking with her mother as though they were alone in the room, or nobody was there who could have any concern in the subject of their conversation.

"All that is entirely your own fault," rejoined Mrs. Wyoming harshly. "Perhaps you will learn to keep a secret now that you have lost the best chance you ever had through letting one out. Now you must take the consequences, and do the best you can with what is left."

"I know I shall never be able to get on with him!" said Pattie half sullenly. "I don't know what it is—but he is quite different. Rowena has spoilt him completely."

"She has certainly gone beyond her task," Mrs. Wyoming admitted, glancing coldly at her niece.

Rowena's cleverness was not always convenient, and the last twelve hours had rendered her aunt uneasily conscious of this.

"But still," she continued for Pattie's encouragement, "if he should recover he will not expect the same things done for his amusement as when he was blind."

Rowena sat down in silence to her work. The last words exchanged between mother and daughter were indeed a cruel punishment to her.

Later on in the week a letter came for Mrs. Wyoming, from the elder Miss Hayter, in reply to the note aunt Annie had written on her safe arrival in town with Pattie. In it Miss Hayter mentioned casually that her nephew had gone abroad, and had last been heard of at Amsterdam.

Rowena, to whom her aunt handed the letter, saw the kind intention in the old maid giving news that Pattie, at any rate, might be wishing for.

Pattie was not in the room at the time; nor Charley, and Mrs. Wyoming put the letter into her pocket when Rowena had read it, and signified that she should say nothing about it.

"It would only unsettle her still more," she observed.

"It would be of no use for me to write to him, I suppose?" Rowena ventured to suggest.

"None in the world"—curtly "since we could offer no explanation. He is best out of the way at present, since I could not undertake to keep him and Dolph Carbutt apart. We ourselves must be prepared to leave England immediately, however, Charley's affair turns out, on account of Dolph Carbutt's persecution."

"Then we are really going?" inquired Rowena paling a little.

"Certainly—what else can we do? If Charley continues blind we must go, or Dolph will get the tale to his ears in one way or another; and if he recovers then we shall accompany them some little distance on their wedding-tour."

Rowena made no outward objection to these arrangements, since, with regard to the first, her aunt did not state that she expected Charley to accompany them in their flight as her—Rowena's—husband; and as to the second, she made up her mind not to fall in with it.

Pattie had little to say during meals; but at other times, when they were scattered about the room, she would reply now and then instead of Rowena to some inconsequent remark of Leicester's, and he did not notice any difference.

During the time that remained Mrs. Wyoming insisted on this experiment being repeated in different ways, always being careful to try Pattie's powers overmuch, and she met with more or less success.

Sometimes Leicester would appear puzzled, and seem to ponder and listen, as in the days when the change was first affected; but when that happened Rowena was always sent to have a *tete-a-tete* with him, to dispel his doubts and set his mind at ease.

They all kept strictly within doors, which made the strain more trying; but Mrs. Wyoming lived in terror of Dolph Carbutt, and so it was convenient to make Leicester believe that they were so devoted to him that they did not care to go out and take their pleasure.

The doctors watched the case carefully, and Leicester was considered to be going on well, so far as could be judged, but it seemed a long while to the day when the bandage was to be removed to try the result of the operation.

Leicester's wish was that his betrothed should be present on that occasion, in order that, should the operation be successful her face might be the first that his eyes rested upon.

In the circumstances, Pattie, of course, had to be there as well. Mrs. Wyoming would much have preferred his being left alone with the doctors, but as that was not to be, she made another of the party.

They all went into the room together, and Pattie stood where his gaze would fall directly upon her, and the others sat down and trembled, trying all the while to seem at ease.

Rowena hardly knew where she was, or what she was doing; there was a mist before her eyes in which the doctors' figures floated about dimly, and Pattie's frightened face stood out more distinctly than anything else. Then she heard, as in a dream, one of the strange voices say, "Now then!" followed, after an interval, whether long or short she knew not, by Charley's, voice, raised, triumphant—

"Pattie—my darling! Come here to me!"

After that she knew no more, so that she was spared the sight of her cousin being clasped to Leicester's breast.

* * * * * *

"Whatever possessed you to faint?" were the first words that reached Rowena's ears on recovering from her swoon.

Her aunt stood by her side, looking worried and impatient.

"You never did such a thing before. And at such a time too! If Charley had not been quite taken up with Pattie he must have noticed it, and would have thought it very strange!"

"He didn't know, then?" questioned Rowena, in a tone of languid relief; and then she looked round in some surprise to find herself on the sofa in the front drawing-room.

"No; Doctor Hawtrey and I got you out of the room while Charley was in his first ecstasy—with an air of contemptuous satisfaction that made Rowena feel angry, weary though she was.

"He can see well then?" she inquired.

"He can see; but his eyes are very weak. He will have to be most careful."

"And—what does he think—how does he get on with——"

Rowena paused, unable to find words to frame the question she was so eager to ask.

"Oh, he is quite satisfied and charmed to see his Pattie's pretty face again!" her aunt returned, with a laugh. "That is all right, so far."

Rowena stood up, trembling from the effects of her sudden weakness, and with a desolate heart-breaking sense of being "out in the cold."

Leicester's heart was no longer a home for her; another nestled now in the place she had made so warm.

"That's right," said her aunt. "You look much the same as usual now—or if you are a little pale, he won't notice it. He has never seen you yet"—laughing with an assumption of ease that Rowena thought covered more anxiety than she cared to show.

They drew aside the curtains and opened the door between the two rooms. The blinds were let down, and Leicester was sitting in the dimmest corner with Pattie by his side.

Rowena saw him withdraw his arm from her waist at the sound of their entrance, just as he had so often withdrawn it from hers.

Mrs. Wyoming went forward gaily, holding her niece by the hand.

"Let me introduce you to a lady whom you have met so lately as this morning, but have never seen," she said smilingly; and then an agonizing pang pierced Rowena's heart as she encountered the sudden direct strange glance of those eyes that had so often seemed vainly to seek her face in wistful adoration which they were unable to express.

He smiled the next moment as he rose, and that cool smile of polite and friendly interest was still more painful to her.

"Rowena, I am sure" he said. "My cousin that is to be—if she will allow me to call her so."

She shook hands with him and murmured something—she knew not what—about congratulating him on his recovery.

Mrs. Wyoming might well look satisfied, standing in the background. Rowena could hardly have been more unlike the buoyant keen-witted girl who had made sunshine for Leicester during the past twelve months.

She was completely overwhelmed with shame and self-consciousness. Leicester, after after two or three fruitless attempts to draw her into friendly conversation, turned to Mrs. Wyoming, though his chief attention was centered on Pattie, judging by the way in which his newly-opened eyes constantly sought her lovely downcast face.

"Pattie seems quite overcome by it all," Mrs. Wyoming observed presently, as she

excuse for her daughter's silence, and visible embarrassment.

"Yes, I think she is," he returned, with a tender glance at her.

But his first excitement was over now; his usual manner of reserve before others was regaining its hold upon him, and he made no demonstration of affection or concern beyond that glance.

"It has been a time of suspense for all of us," said Mrs. Wyoming, in a solemn tone.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was now luncheon-time, and as soon as the meal was over Leicester's new powers were wearied out, even under the green shade that he wore until his eyes became used to the light, and he was glad to retire to the darkened backroom and close them in a nap.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the folding doors and thick curtains, Mrs. Wyoming tutored her daughter in undertones concerning her future behavior to him—what she was to say, and how she was to look and act, until Rowena thought she would render the girl so nervous that she would be sure to fail in any effort.

"You could read to him, couldn't you, if he were to ask you?" Mrs. Wyoming added.

"Yes, out of some books," her daughter replied, looking frightened; "but not out of the books Rowena has been reading to him. I looked at one of them, and there were long words that I never saw before, and sentences in foreign languages that I couldn't even pronounce!"—piteously.

"I'll tell you what must be done," observed Mrs. Wyoming, after a few minutes' reflection, "to avoid such tasks, if you really are not equal to them. It will never do to fail in performing them, so they had better be left alone. He will no doubt bring forward the question of your marriage now—in any case it was to have been in a year's time from last September, and it is September again now—and if he does not, I will, as if by chance. He will be eager enough, and I shall allow him to hasten it, so that we shall be so busy getting ready that there will not be time to think of reading to him. And by-and-by his eyes will be strong enough for him to do his own reading, so that then it will be all right."

The question of marriage required no pushing on; Leicester himself was sufficiently eager.

That evening, during ten minutes' tete-a-tete with Pattie, he urged her to name an early day for their union, reminding her of what she had already heard repeatedly from her mother—that they had no plans for anything after leaving there, and saying that their next tour had better be their wedding-tour.

Pattie dutifully consented, with a due reference to her mother, and before the little party broke up for the night the important event was fixed for exactly two weeks later.

There was still another difficulty to surmount—the likelihood of meeting Dolph Carbutt in the shopping expeditions that now became unavoidable, or of his meeting with Charley, who had been ordered to go out at once while the weather continued warm.

He would not recognize any one perhaps, for he was compelled to wear a shade over his eyes in the broad light of the streets, but anyone who knew him would recognize him.

Mrs. Wyoming exhibited the utmost solicitude for his eyes, and made the slightest breeze an occasion for extracting a promise from him not to go out; and if the autumnal air was so calm that not a leaf stirred, then she had some particular reason for wishing him to accompany them in the close carriage that they hired for their own safety—ostensibly to stow away parcels in.

Pattie was dull—she did not like leaving him so often, even to get her wedding-clothes—or he was wanted to give his opinion upon the color of the wedding-dress—Pattie would not decide without him—or some such excuse; and then she always had the windows closed on account of the danger to his eyes from the draught.

The young man, touched at this care, however superfluous, from a woman whose character he had never admired—a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own feelings towards her—accepted it all in good faith, and did not observe, in these busy days, how much of the talking was done for the daughter by the mother.

In fact, he saw but little of Pattie now, nd was hardly ever with her alone; she was always being fitted for dresses, or called away to try on new hats and bonnets.

The few opportunities he had sufficed only to snatch a kiss, or whisper a word of ardent love in her ears, at which she would look charmingly frightened and pleased in the same moment, and would fly away like a shy bird.

Mrs. Wyoming made laughing excuses to him for taking up so much of her time.

"But after the thirtieth you will have her all to yourself, you know," she would conclude; and that thought made him feel content, especially with that renewed power of his to see in fresh wonder and delight.

It pleased him beyond expression to be consulted about the color of Pattie's dresses, et-cetera; it was such pleasure to see once more, and not to be set apart for many of his loved one's interests on account of his inability to share them.

But, after all the new diversions made possible to him by his restored sight, there were still many hours that hung heavily on his hands, and Rowena saw this, and longed to go and fill her old place, and chase away his listless looks.

Mrs. Wyoming had not reckoned on all the exigencies that might arise when she had decided upon the last bold stroke—among them, the weakness of his eyes, which had rendered him at present not as helpless, but almost as incapable of amusing himself as before.

He was not allowed to read for more than a few minutes at a time, and, as she had always some excuse ready for keeping him at home, he seldom took a stroll in the street, so that he had absolutely nothing to occupy his mind.

She, knowing this, and dreading his breaking loose from her bondage, yet not daring to enliven it with much of his bride-elect's company, for fear of the consequences, worried and fidgeted herself almost into a fever, and wished twenty times a day that this trying fortnight was over.

Ten days of the time passed, days of hurry and bustle, worry and anxiety, there were so many things to be kept in mind, between the business of the wedding-preparations and the constant fear of detection by an ungarded word, or by an unsuspected spring of the enemy, who was not far off—for Mrs. Wyoming one day again saw Dolph Carbutt pass by, though he was apparently unconscious of their vicinity.

She was more anxious than ever after that, and could not refrain from telling Rowena whom she had seen.

"I shall be thankful to get away from here," she said; and Rowena echoed the sentiment.

The present life was a strain upon all three of them; but for her there was an aching heart-sorrow as well, that kept her awake at night and deprived her of all zest for life and everything in it.

The wedding was to be a very quiet one. Theo would go to church at nine o'clock in the morning, Pattie wearing her travelling-dress, a costume of dark peacock-blue satin and a white bonnet, with delicate floating plumes that seemed just fitted for such a face as hers; and they would proceed from the church direct to the railway-station, en route for the Continent.

Even at this time, but four days before the wedding, it was not decided whether the bridal pair were to have company on their journey or not.

Leicester had disagreed with Mrs. Wyoming on this point, and probably considered the matter settled, and perhaps Mrs. Wyoming thought it wiser to consider it settled also—according to her own wishes.

However it was, she had not again reverted to the question, though she would now be obliged to do so if she intended to go.

Leicester would sometimes look a little puzzled or disappointed during his brief chats with his bride-elect, and had Rowena displayed her natural unrestrained self, he could hardly have failed to discover the deception that had been practised on him.

But if Pattie disappointed him, Rowena was far behind her, to all appearance. She did not need to effect much; her own sense of shame and awkwardness, together with his cool treatment of her, so different from what she had been accustomed to from him, combined to render her difficult, clumsy, and unattractive in his presence.

She had scarcely a word to say, and that little was jerked out in a short blunt stammering speeches that certainly never reminded him of the brilliant talker who had enlivened him in his long hours of darkness with her clever sayings and merry sallies. So that, if Pattie puzzled him, nothing in her cousin led him to look to Rowena for a solution of the problem; and he probably ascribed his future wife's lack of conversational powers to preoccupation with the business now going forward or to thoughts of leaving her mother and beginning a new untried life.

His cousin at Nottingham was coming up for the wedding. Mrs. Wyoming had no objection to make now, and was glad of the opportunity to show Charley that she was quite ready to welcome his friends.

On the morning of the Thursday before the wedding Mrs. Wyoming was in her bedroom, looking over some new finery that had just been sent home. Rowena was with her, helping her to choose what to keep and what to send back, and they discussed the articles with some animation, for Rowena loved and admired her cousin too sincerely not to take a deep interest in all that concerned her.

Pattie was down-stairs with Charley, and her mother was, as usual, on the watch to prevent her staying to long with him.

"Those gloves don't match the dress," Mrs. Wyoming observed. "It's a great pity, for they are the best of the kind, and if they were only lighter instead of darker it would not signify."

"It really doesn't matter at all," replied Rowena, "when these tan ones, or these cream"—holding a pair of each color against the dress in question—"look so much nicer."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Wyoming "To my taste, there's nothing like a match."

Rowena defended her opinion with spirit, and as her aunt hesitated she became eloquent on the merits of the tan and cream-colored gloves as compared with the dark-green *Suede* variety.

"Don't you remember her short-waisted green satin that she wore at Ealee last year," she said, "with the tan gloves up to her elbows—and people said she looked like a picture out of Kate Greenaway's Christmas books!"

"Oh, Pattie, are you there?" Leicester's voice suddenly called outside. "I thought the milliner—or whoever she was—hadn't gone yet. I was just coming."

The two in the room stared at each other in dismay for a moment, both immediately grasping the situation.

Leicester had come up to his room for a letter; his slippered feet on the thick carpet had been unnoticed by them in their eager talk, and having heard Rowena's voice in its natural tones, at once bright, soft and energetic, as he had been used to hear it for the past twelve months, he had mistaken it for Pattie's an error which he had not made once since the two girls had been in that house together.

Rowena, who was nearest the half-open door, caught sight of his face as he passed by, illumined with a sudden look of hope, as though reassured concerning something he had doubted.

She understood that look, just as she had understood his puzzled expression when Pattie made one of her silly remarks. Her heart sank with fear.

Mrs. Wyoming quickly recovered herself, and did what seemed best at the moment.

She went hastily to the door and said, with a smile—

"Yes, Pattie is here. She will not be a moment; we are only choosing some gloves."

Leicester, who had already reached the stair-head, seemed satisfied, and went down; and Mrs. Wyoming shut the door quietly and returned to her niece's side.

"Do you think he noticed that the voice he mistook for Pattie's was speaking of Pattie herself?" she inquired keenly.

"We must hope not," was all Rowena could say, her face turning suddenly pale. "He seemed not to suspect anything."

Her voice, though almost indistinguishable from Pattie's in the ordinary subdued tones of polite conversation, had a fresh ring when she was interested or slightly excited, of which Pattie's was not capable.

As her aunt had remarked more than once after hearing her sing, her vocal organ was stronger than Pattie's, and, with twice her spirit and vigor of mind, she used it with more energy.

Leicester had probably been reminded not so much of Pattie's voice as of the voice that he had listened to for the past twelve months, believing it to be Pattie's.

"Pattie must be warned before he sees her again," said Mrs. Wyoming anxiously. "I suppose she has come up-stairs—she had evidently left him, by what he said. Go to her room and bring her here."

But Pattie was not in her room, and Mrs. Wyoming began to be alarmed.

Meanwhile Leicester had gone down-stairs and had met his future wife in the hall, with a parcel in her hand.

"I am just going to show this to mamma," she said, on seeing him.

"But I thought you were up-stairs in her room?" he replied, in bewilderment, looking at her as if he expected her to melt away before his eyes. "I heard you talking—or thought I did—and called to you, for I thought you had come back to the drawing-room and found me gone."

"Oh, but it could not have been I," said Pattie, smiling pettily, "because I haven't been up-stairs at all! I have only been speaking to the dressmaker, whom the servant called me away from you to see."

"Oh!" he said, looking puzzled. "After you had gone I went up to my room to get the letter from George to show you, and certainly thought it was your voice I heard in your mother's room."

"Oh"—with an air of sudden comprehension—"that must have been Rowena's voice you heard! You know our voices are so much alike that when you were blind you often couldn't tell which of us was speaking."

This fact had been so openly commented upon at different times that she had no idea that it would be dangerous to bring it forward now.

Leicester turned away, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes seeking the ground—his usual attitude when sorely puzzled.

"Rowena's voice!" he repeated softly, and with his face turned away from Pattie, so that she did not catch the murmur—at any rate, not the words—and only noticed that he ignored her presence.

As she stood there, somewhat timidly regarding him, uncertain what to say or do next, her mother appeared on the staircase and Rowena behind her. They were hastening down to prevent any more mistakes.

"Ah, here is Pattie," cried Mrs. Wyoming pleasantly. "After you had gone down, Charley, I found that she was not there, after all. She must have slipped out of the room when my back was turned."

"Then whose voice was it that I heard?" demanded Leicester, turning a direct and, she thought, very suspicious glance at her.

She hesitated a moment. To admit that it was Rowena's voice might reveal everything, yet how could she declare it to be Pattie's voice when he now had incontestable proof that she was not in the room at the time?

"Pattie's no doubt," she said, with an air of cheerful assurance. "She must have come out of the room and gone down-stairs a moment before you appeared."

"But I was pausing at the door as I heard the voice," he persisted. "She could not have come out without my seeing her. Besides, she says she has not been up-stairs at all."

"Well, then, I don't see how it could have been!" rejoined Mrs. Wyoming, with a well-assumed air of bewilderment. "There is some mistake somewhere. I expect one of us is misunderstanding the other. But it is really of no importance, is it? We have come down to show you ——"

But Leicester suddenly turned and began to walk up and down the hall, still with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, a darker cloud upon his brow than any of them had ever seen there before.

"That voice!" Rowena caught, as he approached her in his pacing to and fro, muttering to himself, as though unconscious of his curious and frightened observers. "To hear it again just the same! I thought it had been my blind fancy that it was so sweet!"

Mrs. Wyoming exchanged anxious glances with her niece, who knew not whether to go away to prevent his suspicions possibly being attached to her, or to stay to seize any opportunity that might offer of giving her aunt help.

Pattie stood, trembling and half crying from fear, seeing that some serious mistake had been made, and not understanding what it was.

As the three women stood there, horror-stricken, watching the man as he strode up and down, a peal of the hall-door bell

rebounded through the house, and restored Mrs. Wyoming's scattered wits.

"Let us come into the little drawing-room," she said, keeping up her show of cheerful ease. "I don't know what we are all doing standing here, I am sure. Come—and we will look at the things in there."

Leicester obeyed with the others, the loud ring probably having aroused him also to a sense of what was going on around him.

In another minute the servant brought in a card, which she was going to carry to Pattie; but Mrs. Wyoming took it from the tray, and read thereon the name, "Adolphus E. Carbutt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lucky Shot.

BY A. C. T.

SOME years since, when I was a young fellow of six and-twenty, I was mate of a West Indiaman trading regularly to Nevis and St. Kitts. She was a barque of three hundred and fifty tons, and her name was the "Robert," and she sailed from Bristol, England. We were on our homeward-passage when the incident I am about to describe took place.

I must premise that we had four passengers, two gentlemen and two ladies; the latter, the wife and daughter of a planter, by name Carmichael.

The elder lady was about forty-five; a handsome, gracious sort of a woman, such as a planter's wife ought to be, and such as were not uncommon in the days of which I am writing.

The daughter was about two-and twenty; a beautiful girl, with all the bewitching graces and fascinating charm of a true born creole.

We were twenty-one days out from Charlestown, and notwithstanding that the old barque was by no means a fast sailer, we had made good progress, and were near as possible in mid-ocean.

It was the end of July, and the weather had been of the most glorious description, and very hot; but, after the sultry heat of the tropics, we did not find it oppressive.

For two days past we had made little progress. The wind had been light and variable, and now it was a dead calm. The ship lay motionless as far as progress was concerned; but her head was boxing all round the compass.

We had awnings up fore and aft; for, where there was nothing to intercept the burning rays of the July sun, the decks were so hot that the pitch boiled out of the seams.

The dinner was over; the sun was slowly sinking in the west; and we had come on deck, being anxious to get as much air as we could, for the cabin of a sugar-ship is generally stuffy.

The deep, placid sea was more peacefully calm than I had ever before seen it. Not a flaw, not a ripple, not an undulation broke the tranquil surface of the glass-like sea.

Captain Sarsfield and the two gentlemen, Mr. Cheeseman and Mr. Thompson, were sitting on the taffrail smoking their cigars, and Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Julia were reclining in wicker-chairs and fanning themselves.

At the young lady's feet lay a large Newfoundland dog belonging to Captain Sarsfield, blinking in the sunlight which came slanting in under the awning, and now and again looking up into her face and putting out his tongue, as much as to say:

"It's dreadfully hot, isn't it?"

No one, who has not seen a creole girl reclining at her ease, can realize the beautiful picture which Julia Carmichael presented as she sat there languidly fanning herself.

Apart from the beauty of her features, and the striking fairness of her skin, her figure was almost faultless in its symmetry, in the curve of its lines, and beautiful in its flexible sinuosity.

She had, too, that natural grace, that untrammelled ease, that refined voluptuousness of attitude and movement, which are the natural gifts of the creole, and which no art can counterfeit. But the crowning charm of all was her sweet and gentle disposition.

Mrs. Carmichael was a general favorite; but Julia was queen of the ship.

Captain Sarsfield, the gentlemen and the ship's company were generally her devoted slaves.

She had been sitting in silence, gazing out on to the calm sea. Suddenly she turned her head and spoke:

"Captain Sarsfield," she said, in a soft, musical voice, "I think we are going to have a breeze."

"Certainly! By all means, my dear young lady. I see no signs of it at present; but if you say there is a breeze coming, there is no one on board this ship would think of contradicting you."

"No; but—Captain Sarsfield——"

"Not another word, my dear young lady. Mr. Turnbull, see all clear for a breeze."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered. "Forward, there! Run up the foretopmast staysail; there's a breeze coming."

"Mr. Turnbull," remonstrated Julia, "you are too bad! You are even worse than the Captain. What will the men say?"

"Say, Miss Carmichael?—that the Admiral has given his orders, and we must obey. So ho! Well there with the halyards. Which side will you have the sheet trimmed?"

"You may trim it to starboard, Mr. Turnbull," she answered with great gravity.

"Take a pull of the starboard sheet," I called out. "Well, there! belay! What next, Miss Julia?"

"Lower one of the quarter-boats, and take me for a row. The sea looks very beautiful, and I think it would do me good."

I elevated my eyebrows, and said:

"What about the breeze, Miss Carmichael?"

"Oh, that will not come yet. After tea will be time enough."

I looked this time at the Captain, who gave a smiling assent, saying:

"If Miss Carmichael will permit me, I think I should like a row, too."

"Certainly, Captain Sarsfield, with much pleasure."

Then turning to me, she said:

"The Captain can have the gig and I will have the quarter-boat."

"Lay aft the watch," I called out, "and lower the port quarter-boat and the gig. And carpenter," I went on, "let us have the oars up sharp, Miss Carmichael is going to have a row before the breeze comes."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the carpenter, and he dived down below in search of the oars.

The two boats were lowered and manned: I took charge of one and the Captain of the other.

"Come along, Nep," said Julia, when she had taken her seat.

The dog, nothing loth, jumped into the boat, and took his station on the prow, as though he was looking out for squalls.

"Phew!" exclaimed Mr. Cheeseman, as we pushed away from the ship, "how hot it is!"

"Not so hot: it is at St. Kitts," answered Julia.

"Perhaps not," replied the Captain; "but it's hot enough in all conscience."

Nep seemed of the Captain's opinion, for, at this moment, he sprang overboard and began swimming about in a manner which showed he enjoyed his bath.

"I should like to follow his example," exclaimed Mr. Thompson.

"What about the sharks?" replied Mr. Cheeseman.

"Sharks!" cried Mr. Thompson; "there are no sharks in these latitudes, are there?"

"Aren't there! I don't know so much about that," said Captain Sarsfield. "I have seen sharks in ten west, and even in the Channel. So that is more than probable that there are some hereabouts."

"What's that they are saying about sharks?" asked Mrs. Carmichael.

"The Captain is saying that there are plenty of them in these latitudes," I replied.

"How beautiful the old ship looks!" remarked Julia, "I never saw her to such advantage before."

Meantime Nep, after circling about between the boats and the ship, had apparently had enough of it and was slowly swimming back to the ship. Suddenly there was a commotion on board, and the second-mate took up a speaking-trumpet and hailed us.

"Boat ahoy!" he cried. "Get the dog on board, there are two sharks coming down on him!"

"Give way, my lads! Scott is right—I can see their fins. Pull, my bonnies, pull!"

"Here, Nep! Nep!" cried Julia, excitedly.

But Nep did not hear, or else paid no attention, and swam slowly on.

"Poor thing!" cried Mrs. Carmichael; "he is swimming right into the shark's mouth!"

"Nep! Nep! Nep!" shrieked Julia. "Come back, come back!"

The dog evidently heard her, for he turned and began to swim back.

"Pull, my lads, pull for your lives!" I shouted, "or it will be all up with poor Nep."

At this moment, the dog, seeing we were rapidly approaching him, relaxed his efforts.

"Nep! Nep! here, boy, here!" I cried, excitedly, and he again began to swim towards us.

Captain Sarsfield had also realized the dog's peril, and the two boats were being urged through the water at a racing speed. It was a moment of intense excitement. Julia and her mother sat pale and motionless, with their hands clasped.

The dreadful monsters were about a cable's length from the dog, and we were rapidly nearing him; but we were somewhat nearer, and, as I thought, we were outstripping them.

"Well done, my bonnies! Hurrah! Hurrah! we shall beat them yet!" I shouted.

At the moment, a puff of smoke burst from the ship's side. There was a report, and a splash in the water; the second-mate had loaded and fired one of the carronades and the ball had struck at least one of the sharks, for, when the commotion caused by the shot striking the water had subsided, they had disappeared, and the water was discolored with blood.

"Bravo, Scott!" I cried, "that was a lucky shot; the right thing to do, and done at the right time."

The next minute Nep was alongside, and was hauled into the boat, and a ringing cheer came from the men on board, and was taken up by us in the boats.

It is not to be supposed that Nep understood what all the cheering was about; but he responded to them by standing up on the thwarts and barking vociferously.

It was quite evident that he had no idea of what a narrow squeak for his life he had had.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.—Moral progress has immediate relation to our duties, our correctness of habits and life; intellectual progress, to our knowledge and its attainments. Which of these elements is chief?

If it be the moral, then the advancement and improvement of society would depend upon it. If the intellectual, then that element is the standard of measurement, the estimate of worth.

The fundamental dogmas of which moral systems are composed have undergone but little change. The essentials are to do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honor your parents; to respect those who are not above you.

These are acknowledged creeds and codes of morals, and have stood the test of the past, and will of all time to come; nor can all the sermons, homilies, or theologians add one iota to them.

When the Spanish missionaries first introduced the Gospel into Mexico, the Aztecs, though the religion of Europe and civilization were unknown to them, are said to have possessed ethical maxims befitting a Christian pulpit. Long before the Jesuits went to China, Confucius had proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us.

But the intellect presents change and progress in all operations by developing the hidden resources of nature, manifesting the sciences of experiments and speculation. The three great masters of scientific method were Aristotle, Bacon and Descartes.

The first laid down that science must be built on observation; that her survey must take in all facts of the case, and that whatever theories went beyond those facts were but guesses.

Two thousand years afterwards Descartes set down as a rule that we must fix our theories to our facts, not our facts to our theories; that the first duty of science was to use the eyes. Bacon said that must observe and experiment; that we must watch Nature patiently and humbly, and that we must rise from particular instances to general laws.

We cannot sever mental from moral laws without undermining the best interests of moral, intellectual and religious societies. The one should be the life and health of the other, its strength and its power. But when the intellectual element holds the moral in subjection or overrules it, the consequences are to be feared.

L. G. W.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE CHINESE CENSUS.—In China the inhabitants are counted every year in a curious manner. The oldest master of every ten houses has to count the families, and make a list, which is sent to the Imperial tax master.

TOBACCO-CHEWERS.—A reporter of a Georgia paper knows of two hogs that are confirmed tobacco-chewers. They began the habit several months ago, and since have been putting on fat rapidly. At first the porkers did not appear to relish the weed, but soon they became very fond of it, and now they seem to be perfectly miserable when their owner neglects to give them their daily allowance of tobacco.

WOULDN'T TURN.—At the coronation of George IV. the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable of England, had to ride into Westminster Hall, and then to back out. Aware of what his duties were, Wellington hired a circus horse from Ducrow's Amphitheatre, and took great pains to teach it to walk backwards. The beast learnt its lessons only too well. On the great day the duke's steed confounded the spectators and upset the kingly gravity by entering the Hall backwards, and nothing that its unfortunate rider could do could prevail upon it to approach "bows on."

SHOE SIZES.—A shoemaker tells this about baby's shoes: "No. 4 is the first size out of babyhood. No. 0 has a soft sole of white kid and pasteboard, and is the successor of the knit wool shoes that are worn by babies in long dresses. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have what is called the turned sole, sewed together on the wrong side and turned out. There are from four to five buttons on the side, and a black tassel is now fastened at the top in front. The latest is to have a vamp of French kid with calf uppers, or what is still better, a half-boxed round toe, tipped with patent leather."

IN JAPAN.—This advertisement is said to be from a Yokahama (Japan) newspaper, which is printed in English: "For Sale. Best Peppermint Oil, made from its really leafs. Can be curable for the sickness of male, female or boy. Dizzy.—Use to put or wipe a few drops on the forehead, bothsides under eyebrows, noseholes, and bothsides the back of ears. Fever.—Wipe on the forehead, and noseholes. Gout or Goutswollen.—Wipe bothsides of forehead, noseholes and much to the breast. Headache.—Wipe on the forehead, and noseholes. Beleive us, Choy Thoong Sung, Tai-pin Gate outside Brass Smith Road."

THE TIGER.—Hindoos especially hold the tiger in superstitious awe. All sorts of powers are ascribed to portions of the tiger after death. The fangs, the claws, the whiskers are potent charms, medicines, love philters or prophylactics against the Evil Eye, magic, disease or death. The fat is in great demand for rheumatism and other ailments; the heart and flesh are said to be tonic and invigorating remedies, giving strength to those who eat them. The whiskers are supposed to possess, among other powers, that of being a slow poison when taken with food, and the rudimentary clavicles are also much valued.

THE KANGAROO'S NAME.—It is said that when Captain Cook discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came on board he saw it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to enquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer: "I don't know, or in the Australian language, "Kan-ga-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of the curious animal is the "I-don't-know."

QUEER THINGS PATENTED.—There is a claim in the patent office, for a patent on the Lord's Prayer, the specifications being that the repetition of the same "rapidly and in a loud voice" will cure stammering. Among odd inventions are "chicken hopples," which walk the chicken right out of the garden when she tries to scratch; "the bee moth excluder," which shuts up all the beehives when the bees go to roost; "the tapeworm fish-hook," which speaks for itself; the "educational balloon," a toy balloon with a map of the world on its surface; "side-hill annihilators"—stilts to fit on the down-hill legs of a horse when he is ploughing along a side hill, and the "hen surpriser," a device that drops the newly-laid eggs through the bottom of the nest, with intent to beguile and wheedle the hen into at once laying another.

MY BOAT.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

I stand and watch the waning moon
  Dip down into the violet sea,
The wide, wide sea, where once I sent
  A little bark adrift from me.

I freighted it with wondrous hopes
  And hourly prayed that it might ride
Thro' weary days' and adverse winds
  Unharm'd, across the wrecking tide.

'Tis many a weary day since then,
  And still my bark is out at sea,
My bonny boat for which I wait,
  The fairy boat I've named To Be!

Sail on, oh! little boat, sail on,
  Sail on across the shining sea,
Spread out your sails to fav'ring winds,
  Bring a fair cargo home to me.

Hope whispers oft what you will bring,
  Dreams all fulfilled, hopes verified,
Ambition's highest flight attained,
  Naught that I wish shall be denied.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT THAT moment Enid recalled, by one instinctive flash of memory, the words that Maurice Evandale had said to her. If ever she saw "the ghost" again, she was to speak to it—she was not to be afraid.

God would take care of her. With a sort of mental clutch at the strength residing in those words, she maintained herself in a sitting posture and looked the white woman full in the face.

Yes, it was Flossy's face; but was it Flossy herself? For the figure made a strange threatening gesture, and glided smoothly towards the door as if to disappear—though in natural and not very ghost-like fashion, for the door stood wide open, and it was the soft cool night-breeze of summer that had opened Enid's slumbering eyes.

In another moment the visitor would be gone, and Enid would never know whether what she saw was a reality or a horrible dream.

That should not be. Strength and courage suddenly returned to her inspired by the remembrance of her lover and his words; she would speak.

"Why are you here?" she said.

Still no answer. The figure glided onward, and its eyes—glittering and baleful—were never once removed from Enid's face. With one supreme effort, the girl sprang from the bed and threw herself in the strange visitor's way.

The figure halted and drew back. Enid laid a hand upon its arm. Ah, yes, thank Heaven, she felt the touch of flesh and blood! No weird reflected image of a wandering brain was before her; a woman only a wicked desperate woman—stood in her way.

"Florence," she asked again, "why are you here?"

The woman dashed down the detaining hand. She knew it was of no use to assume any longer the character with which she had hoped to impress the mind of the sensitive, nervous, delicate girl.

She was no ghost indeed; she could figure no longer as a nightmare in Enid's memory. She stood revealed. But she did not quite lose her self-possession. After a moment's pause, she spoke with the utmost dignity.

"I came here," she said, "to see whether you were sleeping peacefully or not. Surely I may do so much for my husband's niece?"

"What were you doing there?" said Enid, pointing to the mantelpiece. "Why were you tampering with what the Doctor sends me to take?"

"Tampering, you silly girl? You do not know the meaning of your own words!"

"Do I not? What have you in your hand?"

She grasped at the little phial which Flossy had half hidden in the white folds of her dressing-gown—grasped it, and succeeded, by the quickness of her movement, in wrenching it from Mrs. Vane's hand. Then even by the dim light of the candle, she could see that Flossy's color waned, and that her narrow eyes were distended with sudden fear.

"Why do you take that? Give it me back!"

"Yes," said Enid, upon whom the excitement had acted like a draught of wine, giving color to her face and decision to her tones—"yes, when I have found out what it contains."

"You little fool—you will not know when you look at it!"

"I will keep it and ask Mr. Ingledew or Mr. Evandale. You were pouring from it into the medicine that Mr. Ingledew gave me—for what purpose you know very well, not I."

A gasp issued from Flossy's pale lips. Her danger was clear to her now.

"Give it back to me!" she said. "I will have it—I tell you I will!"

Enid's hand was frail and slight; not for one moment could she have resisted Mrs. Vane's superior strength—for Flossy could be strong when occasion called for her strength—and she did not try. With a quick sweep of her arm she hurled the little bottle into the grate! It broke into fragments as it fell, the crash striking painfully on the ear in the stillness of the night. The two women looked into each other's faces; and the Flossy quailed and fell back a step or two.

"What good or harm will that do?" she asked slowly. "Why did you break it for?"

"Better for it to be broken than used for other's harm."

"How do you know that it was meant to do harm?"

"I didn't know it; I feel it—I am sure of it. If you lie and cheat and rob, where will you stop short? Is it likely that I of all people can trust you?"

Florence caught at the bed as if for support. She was trembling violently; but her face had all its old malignancy as she said—

"You are going to slander me to your uncle, I suppose? Every one knows that you would gain if I—I and little Dick were out of the way!"

Enid looked at her steadily.

"You are very clever, Florence," she said, "and it is exceedingly clever of you to mention little Dick to me. You know that I love him, although I do not love you. I shall do no harm to him that I can help. But this—this burden is more than I can bear alone. I shall go to another for help.

"You promised to speak to nobody but Hubert on the subject," said Flossy, turning upon her with a look of tigress like fury.

"To nobody but my husband or my promised husband."

"And that is Hubert."

"No; it is not Hubert."

"Not Hubert? Then who—who?"

"That is nothing to you. You will hear in good time. You have no right to question me; you lost your authority over me long ago."

"Not Hubert?" Flossy repeated once more as if completely bewildered by the news.

Then she burst into a low wild laugh.

"You are right," she said. "He has replaced you already; he is desperately in love with Cynthia Westwood, the daughter of the man who murdered your father, and he has given you up. He never cared for you; he wanted your money only. Did that never occur to your innocent mind? As soon as he is better he will make Cynthia his wife."

"He is free to do so if he pleases," said the girl, with a touch of scorn in her voice. "I am thankful to escape from you both. You will not expect me to live under the same roof with you again."

"Go where you please," returned Florence, "say and do what you please; I shall be only too glad to think that I shall never see your face again. I always hated you, Enid Vane; from the time that you were a child I hated you, as I hated your mother before you. Some day you will perhaps know why."

"I don't want to know. I have always felt that you hated me," said Enid, the hot color receding from her cheeks.

She was one of those people on whom the consciousness of being disliked produced a chilling effect.

"But I never hated you; I do not hate you now. Oh, Flossy, is there no way of setting things straight without letting anybody know?"

Florence sneered at the almost child-like appeal.

"For myself," she said, "I have a resource which will not fail me even if you do your worst. Do you think that I would ever live to bear public disgrace? Not for twenty-four hours! Remember this, Enid Vane—the day when the whole story, as we know it, comes to light will be my last. If you betray me, you will be my murderess. You will have killed me as truly as ever a cruel assassian killed your father Sydney Vane!"

With a gesture of her arm, as if to keep the girl from touching her, she swept towards the open door. Enid did not attempt to stop her.

A sensation of awe, of affright even, seized her as she watched the white figure gliding steadily along the passage until the darkness hid it from her view. Then she sank down on the bed once more, trembling and afraid.

The desperate boldness which had for a long time possessed her was succeeded by a reaction of horror and dismay. How could she hide herself from Flossy's hate—how save herself from Flossy's sure revenge?

As she thought of these things, she knew by certain well-marked symptoms that one of her old attacks of almost cataleptic stupor was coming upon her. In the old days she would have succumbed to it almost immediately.

But Evandale's words rang in her ears. What had he said? He thought that she might control herself—that she might prevent these nervous seizures from overcoming her.

She sat up, and by a violent effort roused herself a little. Then she tried the experiment of walking across the room to the open window, where the fresh air revived her. A glass of water, a few turns across the room, and, quite suddenly, she was once more mistress of herself.

She had conquered the feeling of faintness—conquered the terrible rigidity of limb which used to attack her at these times. The Rector's words had proved the tonic that her weakened nerves seemed to require.

For the first time in her life she was a conqueror. There was no reason why she should not conquer again and again until her nerves recovered their tone and the fatal tendency was overcome.

New strength came to her with this consciousness. She lighted a lamp and donned a dressing-gown; then, after a little deliberation, she went to Parker's room. She found the maid up and partially dressed.

There was a scared look on the woman's face which caused Enid to suspect that her conversation with Mrs. Vane had been partially if not altogether overheard. But this Enid resolved not to seem to know.

"Parker," she said quietly, "I am thinking of going to London. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, miss, that I will—to the end of the world if you like!" was the unexpectedly fervent response.

But Enid showed no surprise.

"Can you tell me about the trains? What is the earliest?"

"There is one at six o'clock, miss; but you wouldn't start so early as that, would you?"

"The sooner the better, I think. I will go and dress now, and call you presently to pack my bag. The boxes can be sent afterwards."

"Yes, miss."

"And, Parker, if you come with me, you must remember that you are quitting Mrs. Vane's service. She will never take you back if you leave her now."

"I wouldn't come back—not if she paid me double!" cried Parker, honest tears starting to her beady eyes. "I don't care what she does; but I'll never work for her again—not after what I have heard and seen!"

"You must not speak to me or any one else about what you have heard or seen," said Enid gravely, "particularly in the house to which we are going. Will you remember that?"

"Oh, yes, miss—I'll not say a single word! And you have settled where to go, miss, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"I am going to my aunt—Miss Vane," said Enid briefly.

Parker retired, not daring to ask any more questions, being a little awe-awed by the growth of some new quality in the girl's nature—some novel development of strength and character which imposed silence on her companion in this self-enforced exile.

The dawn was breaking when Enid began to make her preparations for departure. The faint yellow light of day stole into the room when she drew back the window-curtains and stood looking—perhaps for the last time, she thought—upon the flower-gardens and the lawn, upon the sheet of water in the distance, the beech woods, and the distant hills—spots that she had known from childhood, and which were dearer to her than any new scenes could ever be. And yet she did not falter in her brave purpose.

Even to herself she did not seem the same gentle submissive maiden that she had hitherto been considered. Some new strength had passed into her veins; she was eager to act as became the woman who was one day to be the wife of Maurice Evandale.

She had one task to perform that was very hard to her. She could not go without writing a farewell letter to the General, who had always been so good and kind to her.

She made it as short and simple as possible, and she explained nothing. Without consulting Mr. Evandale, and perhaps her aunt Leo, of whom she was genuinely fond she felt that she was not absolutely free to speak.

"Dearest uncle Richard," she wrote—"I think it best to go to London to-day and see aunt Leo. I am taking Parker with me. Forgive me if I say that I do not think I can ever come back again. I hope you will not look on me as ungrateful for all your kindness to me. I will write again, and shall hope to see you in London.

"Your loving niece, "ENID."

She placed the letter in an envelope, addressed it, and left it in a conspicuous position, on the dressing-table. Then she put on her hat and cloak, and asked Parker whether she was ready to leave the house.

The clock had struck five, and they had some distance to walk before they could reach a railway-station. Parker prevailed upon her to eat and drink before they started; but the girl's appetite was small, and she left her biscuits almost untouched upon the table.

As the two stole silently down the corridor, Enid noticed that the door of Dick's night-nursery was half open. She hesitated, then, with a mute sign to Parker to go on, she entered the room and made her way to the child's bedside.

Parker lingered long enough to see her kneel down beside it and lay her face for a few moments on the pillow beside the sleeping boy. She kissed him very gently; and when, with a sleepy movement, he turned and put his arm around her, as if to hold her there, the tears began to fall down her pale cheeks.

But she dared not stay too long. She rose presently, put his hand back under the coverlet, and kissed him once again.

"Dear little Dick," she murmured sorrowfully, "will you some day think that I did not love you, when you know what I have done, and what I shall have to do?"

When Enid rejoined Parker, she was calm, but pale; the tears lingered on her eyelashes, but had been carefully wiped away from her cheeks.

They left the house in silence by a side-door which could be easily unbolted; and for some time Parker did not venture to open her lips. Her young mistress looked like a different being with that grave determination on her face, that steady serious light in her sad but serene blue eyes.

Just when they reached the point from which the Hall could last be seen Enid turned and looked at it for a moment. It was her last farewell; and the yearning tenderness that stole into her face as she gazed and gazed again brought the tears to Parker's eyes.

The maid had taken a strong liking to Miss Enid Vane, and was ready to devote her whole strength to her service. At the same time, the thought of the revenge that Mrs. Vane might wreak upon her for this desertion was misery to Parker; for what should she do if her mother learned that she had once been dismissed from a situation in disgrace, or if she could not earn enough to keep her mother in the comfort to which she had grown accustomed?

She was quite ready to leave Mrs. Vane; but she was afraid when she considered the future; and, as she walked along the road beside her young mistress, the tears now and then brimmed over and had to be surreptitiously wiped away.

"If you are regretting what you have done, Parker," said Enid at length, "you are quite at liberty, you know, to go back to Beechfield Hall."

"Oh, no, miss—I wouldn't go back for anything! There's some things that even a servant can't bear to see going on. It's only my poor mother, miss, that I'm thinking about."

"Why?" said Enid gently—at that moment it was easy for her to sympathize with sorrow. "Is it your wages that you are thinking of? I am sure that you will not be a loser by coming with me."

"It's not the money, miss, thank you—it's—it's my character," said Parker, with a sudden gush of tears—"it's what my mother may hear of me that I care about. I wouldn't deceive you, miss, for the world! I'll tell you about it, if you will kindly hear."

And then, as the two women walked along the lonely country road in the shining freshness of the early summer morning, Parker made her confession.

She told the story of her disgrace and summary dismissal, of Mrs. Vane's apparent kindness to her, and of the way in which she had been used as a tool in the furtherance of Mrs. Vane's designs. Enid turned a shade paler as she heard of how she had been tracked, watched, spied upon; but there was no anger in her voice as she replied.

"I think we ought both to be thankful, Parker, to get away just now from Beechfield Hall. It will be better for us if we never see Mrs. Vane again. I do not think that she will hurt you however, or tell your story to your mother. She will have other things to think about just now."

Parker wondered vaguely what those other things were; but she did not say a word. For a minute or two Enid also was silent, and thought of Flossy. What was she doing? Or what was she thinking now?

As a matter of fact, Flossy was at that moment just awakening to a sick shuddering consciousness. She had gone to her room and fallen to the floor in a death-like swoon.

When she was able to move, she crept to the bell and rang again and again for Parker. But Parker of course did not come; and little by little Mrs. Vane became aware that she was deserted, that Enid and her maid had left the house, and that, for all she knew, instant ruin and disgrace hung like an inevitable fate above her head.

When Enid spoke it was in very kindly tones.

"You must forget the past and start afresh, Parker. We all have to do that, you know, Mr. Evandale says. We will make a new beginning."

"I have often thought, miss, that I should like to tell Mr. Evandale all about it, and hear what he would say."

"You shall do so, Parker. We shall see Mr. Evandale in London very likely." Enid paused a little, and then said, in her even, serious voice, "I will tell you what I have told no one else, Parker, because you have trusted me—I am going to marry Mr. Evandale."

"Are you, miss? I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it! We all thought, miss, that it was Mr. Lepel."

"No; I shall never marry Mr. Lepel."

"Is it a secret, miss?"

"Until Mr. Evandale comes back from Yorkshire—that is all. After that we will have no concealments of any kind. I think," said Enid softly—"I think that perfect truth is the most beautiful thing in the whole world!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISS VANE'S welcome of her niece was dashed by amazement.

"Why, good gracious, child," she said, "what have you come at this hour of the day for? I'm delighted to see you; but I never heard of such a thing! Arriving at nine o'clock in the morning from Beechfield, especially after all the accounts I have heard of your health! You look fit to faint as it is!"

"I am tired," said Enid, with a little smile.

She sat down in Miss Vane's pretty dining-room, where her aunt was seated at breakfast, and began to take off her gloves. Parker had retired into the lower regions of the house, and the two ladies were alone.

"I won't hear anything until you have had some coffee," said Miss Vane, in her quick decisive way. "Get a little color into those pale cheeks, my dear, before you begin to talk! There—drink your coffee! Not a bad plan, after all, to start before the heat of the day comes on, only it 's a wonderfully energetic proceeding! Have you come to shop, or are you anxious about Hubert? I went to his rooms the other day and saw him. He is weak; but he is quite sensible now, you know."

"Who was there?" said Enid, setting down her cup with a beautiful color in her cheeks.

Miss Vane looked at her sharply.

"Oh, the nurse of course—a Beechfield woman, I believe, recommended by Florence! I saw no one else, not even the Jenkinses, who, I hear, have been most devoted to him in his illness."

Enid dropped her eyes. She did not care just then to ask any questions about Cynthia West. If Miss Vane knew the story, she evidently considered it unfit for Enid's ears.

"And now, my dear, what brings you to town," said aunt Leo briskly, when the meal was ended, and Enid had been installed on a comfortable sofa, where she was ordered to "lie still and rest;" "and how did you induce Richard and Flossy to let you come?"

"I ought perhaps to have told you as soon as I came in, aunt Leo," said Enid, sitting up, "that nobody knew—that, in fact, I have run away from Beechfield, and that I never, never can go back!"

"Oh, that's rather sudden, is it not? But I suppose you have a reason?" said Miss Vane.

"Yes, aunt Leo, but one which—at present—I cannot tell."

"Cannot tell, Enid, my dear?"

"Not just yet—not until I have consulted some one else."

"Oh, Hubert, I suppose?"

"No," said Enid, blushing and holding down her head—"not Hubert."

Miss Vane put up her gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and inspected her for a minute or two.

"You look as if you had been worried out of your life!" she said. "You are as thin as thread-paper! Well, you will not be worried here, my child. You can stay as long as you like, and tell me everything or nothing, as you please. One thing I will say—I suppose that Flossy is at the bottom of it all?"

"Yes, Aunt Leo."

"That accounts for nothing. Flossy never could be trusted. Did she want you to be engaged to Hubert?"

"I think so—at first. Now I do not know."

"I suppose they badgered you into it?" said Miss Vane thoughtfully. "Are you going on with it?"—in her usual abrupt tone.

"With the engagement, Aunt Leo? Oh, no!"

"Come—that's a good thing!" said Aunt Leo briskly. "For I don't think Hubert is quite worthy of you, my dear. He has disappointed me rather. Well, I won't bother you with any more questions, especially as I have a visitor coming at ten o'clock—a young person from the country who has written to request an interview. There's the bell—I suppose he has arrived. Begging, I expect! I told Hodges—— Why, he's showing the man in here! Hodges——"

But it was too late. Hodges always obeyed his mistress to the letter; and his mistress, thinking that she would be alone, had ordered "the person" to be shown into the dining-room.

Accordingly, in spite of Miss Vane's signs and protests, he flung the door wide open, and announced, in a stentorian voice, the parson's name—

"Mr. Evandale."

Then Miss Vane—and Hodges too, before he closed the door—beheld a curious sight; for, instead of looking at his hostess, the parson, who was a singularly handsome man, with a band of crape on his arm, made two strides to the sofa, from which Enid, with a low cry of joy, arose and flung herself into his arms.

"My own darling!" exclaimed the man.

"Maurice—dearest Maurice!" the girl rejoined; and then she burst out crying upon his shoulder; and he kissed her and called her fond names in entire oblivion of Miss Vane's stately presence.

The old lady was both scandalized and offended by these proceedings. Her sharp eyes looked brighter and her rather prominent nose more hawk-like than ever as she made her voice heard at last.

"I should like some explanation of this extraordinary behavior!" she said, with asperity. "Sir, I have not the honor of knowing you! Enid, what does this mean?"

"I am the Rector of Beechfield," said Mr. Evandale. "I most heartily beg your pardon, Miss Vane, for the way in which I have introduced myself to you! I wrote to ask if I might see you, because I know what a friend you have always been to Enid, and I wanted to see you myself and tell you how Enid and I had come to understand each other; but, when I saw my darling here—safe with you—I was so much taken by surprise——"

"I am taken by surprise too," said she grimly. "Pray, sir, does the General know of your mutual understanding?"

"No, aunt Leo; and that is one reason why I came to you," said Enid, abandoning Maurice Evandale and bestowing an embrace upon her aunt. "You know, I had just told you that I was not engaged to Hubert."

"You gave up Hubert for this gentleman, did you?"

"I think, aunt Leo, that Hubert gave me up first;" and Enid raised her head and looked earnestly into her aunt's keen eyes, which fell before that serious gaze.

"Well, my dear, well—and was it for this that you came to me?"

Miss Vane's voice was gentler now; and Mr. Evandale took advantage of the opportunity afforded him to pour out the story of his love for Enid—of his certainty that she was not happy, and his endeavor to win her confidence.

He went on to say that he had been in Yorkshire attending his father's funeral and settling his affairs for the last few days, and that it had occurred to him to call on Miss Vane—of whom he had so often heard—on his way through London to Beechfield.

He had meant to tell her of Enid's unhappiness and of his attachment to her, and to ask Miss Vane's interest and help; and it was the greatest possible surprise to him to find Enid in the room when he entered it.

"What did you mean by saying that she was safe here?" said Miss Vane at this point. "Safe with me, you said."

Maurice looked at the girl.

"I have told aunt Leo nothing yet," she said. "And, oh, dear aunt Leo, you won't be vexed, will you, if I may speak to Maurice just for five minutes first? Because I am so puzzled that I do not know what to do."

Miss Vane subdued a rising inclination to anger, and did her very best in trying to smile.

"Ah, well, I know what you young people are!" she said good-humoredly. "I suppose I shall be taken into your secrets by-and-by."

Enid kissed her cheek.

"If they were our secrets, you should know all about them this very minute," she said; "but they are not our secrets, dear auntie."

"Flossy's, I suppose?" said Miss Vane rather shortly, as she disengaged herself from Enid's arm and went out of the room.

But she was not ill pleased, although she pretended to feel piqued by the request for a private interview.

"He looks like a man to be trusted," she said. "Enid will be happier with him than with Hubert—poor Hubert, poor miserable deluded boy! As for Flossy, I cannot think of her without a shudder. Heaven knows what she has done, but she has most certainly driven Enid out of the house by her conduct! I hope it is nothing very seriously wrong."

At that moment a telegram was put into Miss Vane's hands. It was from the General.

"Is Enid with you? If not, telegraph at once. I am coming up to town by next train."

It seemed long to Miss Vane before she was summoned to the promised conference with Enid and Mr. Evandale. Here a great shock awaited her.

Enid had told her whole story to Maurice and he had said that, while the midnight interview between Enid and Miss Vane might be kept a secret—as nothing could absolutely be proved respecting Flossy's sinister designs on Enid's life or health—the confession that Mrs. Meldreth had made to Enid in her last moments should be made known. Enid was however still reluctant; and Miss Vane was brought in chiefly to give her advice, and thus settle the question.

"Well," she said, looking keenly from one to the other as she sat beside Enid's sofa and Mr. Evandale stood before her, "I think I may safely say that it's not the money that either of you cares about."

"No, indeed!"

The voices were unanimous.

"Neither money nor lands matter very much to you. But you"—to Evandale—"hate the deceit; and you, on the other hand"—turning to Enid—"are fond of the poor child, who, I must say, has been treated about as bad as any of you. Isn't that the case?"

"Yes, Aunt Leo."

"And what's to be done with him when the truth is made known? Is he to be made over to his rightful owner—Sabina Meldreth?"

Enid and Mr. Evandale looked at each other.

"No," said the Rector, at length—"certainly not! We would bring him up ourselves, if need be; and Enid would be to him all that his own mother and Mrs. Vane have failed to be."

"And he should never suffer," said Enid, with tears in her eyes. "I love him as if he were my own little brother, Aunt Leo. He should have all the property—as far as I am concerned—if Maurice thought it right."

"Yes, certainly, if the General chose to leave it to him; but the General ought to know," said Mr. Evandale decisively. "I do not see how we can be parties to a deception any longer."

"It is a very hard position for all of us," said Miss Vane. "As for me, I am most seriously concerned for my brother. Have you thought what a terrible shock you are preparing for him?"

Evandale looked grave and did not answer.

"He is devotedly fond of his wife and of the child. To tell him that Florence is a liar and a cheat—that she has practised a deception upon him for many years in order to gain position and a good income for herself as the mother of his son—above all, to tell him that the boy is not his son at all—do you think that he will survive it? Dare you take upon yourselves the responsibility of shortening his days in that way? I must confess that in your places I should hold my tongue; because it does not seem to have occurred to you that, after all, old Mrs. Meldreth may not have been speaking the truth."

"I never thought of that," said Enid.

"If you had seen the woman herself, Miss Vane, you would have been convinced of her sincerity," said the Rector.

"Possibly. But only you two were there. The General will probably refuse to listen to Enid's testimony, and will fume himself into an apoplectic fit when he hears what she has to give. You, Mr. Evandale, did not hear the woman's communication at all. Suppose you kill the General by the news—do you want to take the matter into Court? Is Enid to stand up and tell her experiences to a pack of lawyers, and hear the world say that she has done it to get the estate for herself? You could not bear it, Enid, my child! You would lose your head and contradict yourself; and Flossy would brazen it out and be the heroine of the day; and Mr. Evandale would be ruined in costs.

"I don't mind that, so long as the truth prevails," said Mr. Evandale. "I do not want the money—neither does Enid; we would sooner endow an hospital with it or give it to little Dick than keep it if gained under such auspices. But it is hard to see Miss Vane—whom I firmly believe to be guilty of fraud as well as of an attempt upon my darling's life—triumph in wrong-doing."

"Well, nobody ought to know better than you, Mr. Evandale, that the wicked flourish like the green bay-tree," said Miss Vane drily; "and I don't see that it is our part to destroy them."

"Aunt Leo, you are making us feel ourselves horrid!" said Enid from the cushions amongst which her aunt had insisted on installing her. "We do not want to punish her, or to make dear uncle Richard ill, or to turn poor little Dick out of Beechfield."

"Yet it is just those things which you propose doing."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Rector looked at Enid.

"I think we shall have to give it up, Enid, unless we get other evidence."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Enid, with tears in her eyes. "It was when I felt that it was perhaps my duty to speak that I was so miserable! But, if it would simply make mischief and be of no use, I am only too glad to feel that I may keep my silence."

"I'm glad you see it in that light," said Miss Vane briefly. "I want as little as you do, Mr. Evandale, to see Enid kept out of her rightful inheritance; but I am convinced that, if Enid told my brother what she had heard, he would never believe her, that the excitement would make him ill; there would be a family quarrel, and the whole thing would be productive of no good result at all."

"I shall not mind seeing Uncle Richard now," said Enid softly.

"But you will not go back to Beechfield?" said Mr. Evandale.

"No, indeed; she'll stay here," Miss Vane replied for her. "She'll stay here until she is married; and I hope that that day may not be far off."

"I hope not," said Maurice fervently. "Do you think that I may speak to the General to-day?"

"I should think so. But what about Hubert Lepel, Enid?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Austrian school-boy should be anything but dull, seeing that he has as many as one hundred and eighty holidays in the course of the year. Besides these one hundred and eighty days, there is always a chance of an additional ten days every year.

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one: no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

OH! SUN STAND STILL!

BY L. M. S.

Oh! sun stand still! Oh, moon forget to wane
O, cruel time, forbear to pass away!
For life is short, and smiles so very few,
We fain would lengthen this one mortal day,
And gather sunbeams as they gladly fall
Athwart our rugged, bleak and cheerless way.

Oh! sun stand still! Oh, moon forget to wane,
O, cruel time, forbear to pass away!
For hope is ringing its soft chiming bells,
And faith is singing its sweet, syren lay:
Joy trips lightly thro' the fairy dells,
Where bloom fore'er fragrant flowers of May.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY LUCY WALKER.

CHAPTER I.

"MY DEAR Ursula," exclaimed the master, a little impatiently, "that performance is as poor and expressionless as a performance can well be. When are you going to grasp the spirit of this movement?"

"I really can't say," replied the pupil, indifferently; "it is so deadly uninteresting, that it does not seem as if one could put any spirit into it."

"Don't throw the blame on the music," rejoined the master; "it is yourself who are at fault. A year ago you would have delighted in the effort to comprehend this. Now you seem to have lost all ambition to excel in your art."

The girl smiled. She had a handsome face, and her smile made it still more handsome.

"You are quite right, Felix," she said, "my ambition seems to have died a natural death. Now, don't sigh and look so desperately unhappy; if I take it coolly, why should not you?"

"Because I think of your future. If you were an independent woman, a want of perseverance would be sad enough; but you cannot afford to neglect your talent, and your opportunities for cultivating it. Your final examination is to take place in less than three months!"

"So you often remind me; but what if, after all, I do not intend to go in for the final examination?"

"Ursula," interrupted her master, "you would not be so foolish! I cannot tell you what a bitter disappointment it would be to me."

Ursula smiled again.

"But why should I grind for an examination, when I assure you that I would rather be a nursemaid, or starve outright, than be a professional musician?"

"You used not to say so."

"People learn by experience. I have long wished to say this to you: I have gone on working to please you and mother. My work has been poor, and you have been dissatisfied, because my heart has not been on it."

"Is that your own idea, or has the suggestion come to you from outside?" he asked looking very searchingly into her face.

"And why should it be a suggestion?" she asked. "Why may not one have an original idea?"

"It is odd," said the master more to himself than to his pupil; "here is a talent which might be brought to the very highest pitch of perfection, linked to a character with just as much backbone as a jelly-fish. Truly, there are strange combinations in nature."

"Don't be cross, Felix," said the girl; "I'll play it again, if you like, and try to make it sound better. Shall I? Just to soothe your ruffled spirits."

So the pupil resumed her uncongenial task, and the master continued his corrections, while the afternoon sun, streaming in through the three windows of the long, narrow room, revealed with ungenerous directness the shabbiness of the interior, and all the furniture, excepting only the grand piano at which the two sat, and on which the handsome solidity contrasted brusquely with the littered writing-table, the decrepit chairs, the disorderly accumulation of pipes, photographs, busts, and cards on the mantelpiece.

The only thing in the room besides the sunshine and the piano, which was bright and fresh, was a handsome frame, which broke the monotony of the faded wall-paper. It contained a diploma setting forth, with many calligraphical flourishes, that, "Herr Felix Martin, born an Englishman, had won such and such honors at the Conservatorium of Leipzig, together with the degree of Doctor of Music."

The shabby, nondescript room, with its uncomfortable contrasts, formed an excellent background for the personage whom Ursula Armitage called Felix, and of whose history the diploma on the wall gave a cursory outline.

His age, calculated by that communicative document, was a few months less than thirty; he was small and thin, and his meagre, stooping figure was set off to the least possible advantage by well-worn, badly-cut clothes.

His face was keen and intellectual; his eyes, brightened a little just now by irritation, were large and beautiful; but his expression was that of a man dissatisfied with himself and at variance with his surroundings; in fact, he himself was one of those strange combinations of Nature's harmonies, and the light of his genius seemed worthier of a more attractive lamp than that in which it burned.

"Time's up, Felix, isn't it?" said Ursula, at last, looking round as she reached the desired haven of a finale.

"No," replied Martin; "you trifled so much time away at the beginning, that we must make up for it."

"Come, come," said Ursula, pleadingly. "You are in a terrible bad humor. I must try to appease you. Now, do be kind, and let me off. I am quite worn out with my labors."

And she closed her book, while her master shook his head and muttered something about wilfulness.

"Now I'm going to tidy you up a little before I go," she continued; "I can't think how it is your room always looks so comfortless. The other part of the house is cosy enough. Yours is bleakness itself."

"It is this glare of light," he said, nonchalantly. "It makes everything look threadbare. A bright day always reminds me of my poverty."

"Being poor is a great bore, isn't it?" returned Ursula. "If we were not poor, I might have a talent for music with impunity no one would insist on my going in for a career. Oh, if I might only be King Midas for a moment!"

"You!" said Martin, drily; "you are more likely to make gold vanish, than to call it into existence. You take after your father."

"You do not say that as if you meant it for a compliment."

"You may take it as you choose."

"Oh, well, father is very clever."

"Yes."

"And handsome and agreeable."

"Very."

"He has been unfortunate; which is not his fault, poor dear. Fancy you blaming any one for having bad luck!"

"Bad luck," said Felix, grimly, "is often another word for bad management."

"I suppose you speak of yourself?" said Ursula. "You cannot, of course, know how father has managed."

"Of course."

"And if you feel your luck does not come because you have managed badly, why do you not go away from us poor, shabby, broken-down people, and see if you can get on better elsewhere?"

"My dear Ursula," replied Felix, "you are talking nonsense. Your mother's house has been my home ever since I can remember. People do not ask a professor of music where and how he lives."

The girl's face flushed; this was not precisely the answer she had expected.

"I see," she said with a laugh, "I was over-generous in trying to shoulder a responsibility which does not concern me. Of course, a musician generally does live among Bohemians; and the castles in the air, which you used to build at Leipsig, are as likely to be realised among us in Bohemia, as anywhere else. Do you recollect what fine castles they were, Felix?"

"I recollect nothing about them," he replied, as he turned to his writing-table and began to turn over the loose papers; "every lad talks nonsense about his future."

"Have you lost something?" she asked as she moved to go. "What are you looking for? Shall I help you?"

"No, thanks," he answered, brusquely; "neither you nor I will find here, or elsewhere, what I have lost."

"Ah," cried Ursula, with the air of wishing to change the subject, "I wonder what the postman brought half an hour ago? I must go and find mother."

Ursula Armitage had with perfect justice, used the name of the metaphorical locality, Bohemia, in speaking of her home. In reality she lived in a semi-detached villa, of which the postal address was "Leonora Lodge, Philistia Park, Blackheath"; but which, since the Armitages had become its tenants, had assumed—from the basement where old Antoine, the French manservant, reigned supreme, to the attic where Mrs. Armitage's yellow-backed French novels lay tied in bundles like tares for the burning—an air of having struck out a line for itself, which the adjacent houses neither appreciated nor imitated.

The head of the house, Mr. Ffolliott Armitage, added more to this Bohemian odor by his absence than his presence. He was reported to live chiefly abroad; but for what reason, and why without his wife and family, had not transpired, and afforded a fine field for conjecture to the inquisitive.

On the rare occasions of his visits to Leonora Lodge, he was observed to be a well-favored, fashionably-dressed man, somewhat over forty.

Those who had spoken with him reported him well-bred and well-informed, with a touch of French polish on the most winning of manners. The climate of Bohemia appeared to have suited him far better than it had suited his wife.

Mrs. Armitage had, undoubtedly, once been handsome, but she was now only strong-featured. The many furrows of her face, together with the aroma of bygone prosperity which clung to her gowns and bonnets, would, in some women, would have been a claim to compassion.

Mrs. Armitage, however, made no such claim. She had seen life under many aspects; she had often been forced to adapt herself to disagreeable emergencies; her experience had written itself out on her forehead and round her mouth in cruel, indelible lines; but she made no confidence to outsiders, nor did she reckon her husband's absence among her trials.

Her love for him, never very passionate, had long since died and been buried; its grave was almost forgotten: its very ghost had ceased to walk. All her affections had centred on her bright, wilful, impetuous daughter; all her dependence clung to her adopted son, Felix Martin, who had been in her times of need and loneliness even more than an only son.

When she looked at these two, she felt still had something to hope for, and much to be thankful for, though she had begun life on very different terms with society, and had married Ffolliott Armitage with far other expectations and hopes than those she was realising.

That February afternoon, while Ursula was reluctantly taking her music lesson, Mrs. Armitage sat reading a letter over and over again. The envelope bore the postmark "Toulon," and its contents ran thus:

"Dearest Nan,—I write this from a spot so charming, that I must not begin to describe it." ("As much enthusiasm for new places as of old," put in Mrs. Armitage.) "Imagine, Nan, a villa, perfection in itself, nesting on a pine-clad slope within earshot of the murmur of the dazzling Mediterranean. Imagine me, the poor, battered soldier of fortune, enjoying the hospitality of the most charming of women, la Baronne di Loscagno, whose acquaintance, with that of her equally charming nephew, I made at Nice. They invited me so urgently, that it would have been ungracious to decline; and here I have been for a week, revelling in their charming society and in the beauty of the place. I cannot tell how the change has soothed me after the worries I have had over my speculation in olives, which did not succeed as well as I hoped it would. Would you mind writing to Carey, and asking him to let me have another two hundred on those houses of yours? Or it might be a good idea to sell the smallest of the three. What do you think? Your are a better man of business than I am.

"By the way, the Baroness talks of wanting an English companion; a pleasant girl, with a decent French accent, and who could do something in the musical line. It strikes me that our darling Ursula, with her long residence abroad, and her musical gifts, seems just cut out for the place. The poor pet will have to fight her own battle in life; she gets no chance of seeing the world, living shut up as she does." ("I wonder who is to blame for that," interposed Mrs. Armitage again.) "The Baroness would give her a liberal salary, and introduce her to a large circle of people. If my wishes count anything—I may say, if I am to have any voice in the settlement of the child's future—you will at once give your consent, and renounce that musical castle in the air, of which you know I disapprove. Yours, F. A.

"P. S.—Since writing the above, I have had a confab with the Baroness; she is wild to have the darling at once. Antoine can bring her as far as Paris.

"P. P. S.—I see I have omitted to say that on the Baroness's estate is a valuable quarry of green marble, which formerly brought immense wealth to the owner. I am busy trying whether it will be possible to recommence the quarrying."

"Umph," said Mrs. Armitage, when she read and re-read this letter. "Among the many ambiguous letters I have received with the signature, 'F. A,' this is by no means the least ambiguous."

With a look of doubt and distrust on her face, she carried the letter down to the kitchen, where old Antoine was getting his preparations for dinner under weigh.

"Madame has news from Monsieur," he said, as his mistress entered.

"Yes, Antoine, at last; but go on with your vegetables, it needn't make dinner late."

"Is it not good news, Madame?"

"Neither good nor bad: it is the old story. Nothing worse."

"Ah!" said the old man, sharply; "then, with Madame's permission, I call it bad enough. Monsieur has found a new speculation; all is couleur de rose. Monsieur asks for money?"

"Your guesses, Antoine, are like divination. The olive speculation has failed. Monsieur wants a little money because he has formed plans for making another fortune."

"But, with Madame's permission, that is not all," said Antoine. "Madame is too accustomed to this to look troubled over it."

"Here, you can read it," said Mrs. Armitage. "I can't settle the question alone."

It took the old man a long time to spell out the dashing scrawl which his mistress handed to him. When he reached the end, he folded the letter slowly and replaced it in the envelope.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Armitage.

"Well, Madame, if the house property is sold, Monsieur will fling the price into the marble quarry; and, after all, no marble will be dug. Ah, Madame, it would be a happy day for us all, if somebody or something would put a stop to these wonderful ventures of Monsieur's which ought to make him rich, but which only load him with debt."

Antoine dashed his carrots into the saucepan, with a vigor which would have augured ill for Monsieur if it had been possible to dispose of him and his vagaries in the same summary manner.

"Never mind the quarry, Antoine, we will take that for granted; the important point is about Mademoiselle."

Antoine was Norman; he reserved his opinion on momentous points.

"Madame is right," he said, "it is far more important. It will be such a change for Mademoiselle to go and live among the roses and pine-trees in the South."

"If she goes! But perhaps she has something better to do than to go so far at the whim of a capricious Frenchwoman."

"Then Madame will refuse the offer of Madame la Baronne?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Armitage perplexedly. "My impulse is to say no, at once and finally. Why does he propose it?"

"Does not the message explain all, Madame?"

"Antoine, you believe in that explanation no more than I do. When has Monsieur ever before concerned himself with his daughter's future? Has he ever troubled himself with the burden of his responsibility?"

Antoine shrugged his shoulders.

"It may occur to Monsieur," he replied, "that Mademoiselle is of an age to settle in life."

"Antoine," interrupted his mistress, sharply, "why do you say that?"

"Because, Madame, I observed there was mention made of a certain charming nephew."

"Nephew!" cried Ursula, from the doorway. "Whose nephew engrosses you while I have been seeking you all over the house? I was longing to know if there was a letter from father at last. There is, I see; so don't try to hide it, and then make me guess. I can also see, by the way Antoine is peeling those onions, that you have been telling him something highly interesting, if not tragic. Was 'the nephew' the hero of the story? And whose nephew is he?"

"My dear Ursula," said Mrs. Armitage, "you talk at random. Your father's letter is to me on business."

"Nevertheless," said Ursula, "you have shown it to Antoine."

"That is a different matter," returned Mrs. Armitage.

"Not at all, my dear mother. If Antoine may read what father has told you about some one's nephew, so may I; so come upstairs and gratify my curiosity."

Mrs. Armitage glanced at Antoine.

"Now I won't allow any secret signs," went on Ursula. "I shall read the letter from beginning to end. I want to see how much money father has made by his olives

and when he is coming home to pay off those clamorous tradesmen. Antoine, you will spoil the soup unless you give your mind to it."

With which valediction Ursula led her mother upstairs.

"Ah!" soliloquised Antoine, as the door closed behind them, "it is Mademoiselle who knows how to get her own way; she is the daughter of Monsieur. I may as well begin to think of accompanying her to Paris."

Antoine's long experience had not led him to a wrong conclusion. To Ursula, her father's proposal seemed to offer a prospect of release from a disagreeable position which she could by no means turn away from. It had came so opportunely; it was so inviting, so unlikely to recur.

Mrs. Armitage, though her judgment urged her to refuse, was too pliable in the hands of those she loved to resist her daughter; and when Ursula had pleaded with her, coaxed her, scolded her, and pouted with her for a couple of days, she surrendered at discretion.

Within a fortnight the day of departure had arrived, and Ursula's boxes were being packed with such an outfit as could be managed in the exhausted state of the Armitage exchequer.

"Don't fret over the bills, mother," said Ursula, as Mrs. Armitage, with a sad face, folded the new dresses. "It will be an excellent investment. I shall now be able to buy dresses for myself, and shoes, and bonnets, and everything."

"The bills do not worry me, dear. There are so many already, that a few more will be scarcely noticeable."

"Oh, well," cried Ursula, cheerfully, "if you are too philosophical to brood over possible bankruptcy, pray don't let any minor evil, such as the loss of me, weigh down your spirits. I have suffered enough already from the gloom which Felix effects over my departure. Now mother, you must confess that he has made himself perfectly odious about it."

"He thinks it is not a wise move, dear: and you know Felix never hides his opinion."

"He doesn't; yet he might have the good taste to do so until it is asked for. Oh, mother, if Felix might only have ceased to live with you, before I came back!"

"Before you come back! Why, suppose you and the Baroness do not suit one another, you would be back he directly."

"I hope that may not follow on all these extravagant preparations. But, whenever I return, soon or late, I trust that you and Felix may have dissolved partnership."

"You are unreasonable child. Do you forget all that I owe to Felix's staunchness in some of our worst troubles?"

"No, I don't; this is——"

"You extraordinary child! Have you forgotten all that binds Felix to me, and me to him? I hope he will never wish to leave me."

"Father is not of the same way of thinking," replied Ursula.

"That is not the point," said Mrs. Armitage. "So long as you and I wish Felix to remain here, your father will be satisfied for him to do so."

"I do not speak on father's account," answered the girl. "I myself wish that Felix would leave us."

"Ursula!" cried her mother, "what do you mean? Have you forgotten a certain day, about three years since, when you shed floods of passionate tears because your father suggested Felix should go away and ——"

"Hush, mother," cried Ursula; "I will not listen. I was a mere child then."

"You were seventeen, Ursula; you refused to be called a child at the time; you said if you lived to be a hundred, you would not change."

"I made a mistake of which I do not care to talk. I suppose all people make mistakes sometimes, and they ought to be allowed to forget them, if they cannot otherwise undo them."

"I don't think Felix forgets."

"I am sure he does not wish to remember. He would be very foolish if he did. Besides, why do you talk as if a promise had been made between Felix and me?"

"A promise would have been made if you had had your own way, dear."

"Perhaps; but thank goodness father did not let me have my own way, and there is no promise to break. Ah, mother," she broke off, suddenly, "that white dress must be folded better than that. When a person has only two evening dresses to her name, ancient history must not interfere with the packing of the best of the two."

"I see, my dear," said her mother, smiling, "we leave the ghosts alone today."

"Certainly, mother. What sounds more ridiculous than a ghost story in broad daylight? Now for the traveling-bag. I take after father; I must be comfortable in a railway-carriage. You know my thousand requirements; will you put them together while I run and say good-bye to Felix, after which we shall have time for a quiet cup of tea before we go to the train."

"It is curious," thought Mrs. Armitage as her eyes followed her daughter out of the room, "that I should never have noticed how her feelings towards Felix have changed. Can she have been influenced in this? Heaven forbid that the resemblance to her father should crop up here also."

Martin was at his writing-table when Ursula entered the room. He had been sitting there, pen in hand, all the afternoon; but a few notes of music roughly scored on the sheet before him, and the scratched out were the sole visible result of his incubrations.

"Waiting for an inspiration, Felix?" said Ursula.

"No; I am not waiting for anything so ethereal as an inspiration."

"For what then?"

"I have been waiting all day for you to come at the eleventh hour and say that you had given up this wild scheme, and that you will stay with us and work on your old aim."

Ursula's bright laugh contrasted sharply with his earnest face and voice.

"You are a droll creature, Felix," she said. "You don't seem to be able to enter into other people's feelings at all. Can't you understand that our present life is unutterably irksome to a restless body like me, and that the prospect before me is charming? I am, of course, sorry to leave you all; but any change from this dulness must be for the better. I call it selfish," she went on after a short pause, which he did not break, "in you to make up your mind that your decision in the matter is my duty. At that rate I should have as many 'duties' as my friends had opinions."

"We won't re-commence the argument, Ursula. I'm sorry I insulted you by giving you credit for more judgment and wisdom than you possess."

"Do not trouble to invent such elaborately disagreeable speeches, Felix. I did not come to quarrel, but to say good-bye. Cannot you wish me good speed on what I feel to be a boon of fortune?"

Martin sighed, and looked up at her; his eyes were full of pathetic reproach.

"Well, well," she said, "we have had many differences of opinion in our time, and we have quarrelled over them to our hearts' content, but we must part friends, mustn't we?"

"Of course we must," replied Ursula, cheerfully.

"And will you remember me when you have begun this fine new life?"

"Felix, what a question! How could I forget you?"

"Ursula," said Martin, taking her hand, and looking at her earnestly, "there are several ways of remembering. If I am not worthy of the place in your thoughts which I desire——"

"Of course, of course," she broke in hastily, "I shall always think highly of you; and when you are a famous musician it is you who will forget your unsatisfactory pupil, not your pupil who will forget you."

"Ursula," said Felix, "listen to me. Once upon a time a romantic youth fell in love with an equally romantic child. As he watched her grow, so his love grew till it was too great and passionate to be hidden; while she was so sweet and simple that she made no secret of returning his love. However, she was so young, and he was so poor that it would have been ridiculous to have spoken of the future; therefore he, being sure of his happiness, resolved to wait awhile. Since then time has passed, and he is scarcely further on the road to affluence, while his child-love has grown into womanhood, and learnt either womanly reserve, or has ceased to love him. He has been very patient, but now he wants to put an end to his uncertainty. Anything is better than a false hope. Ursula, what have you to say? Can you help him?"

He did not look hopeful, for while he had been speaking she had drawn away her hand.

"Felix," she said, softly, "I think the girl you speak of wants help more than the man."

"What do you mean, Ursula?"

"I mean many things which it is hard to explain. Suppose she sees that she made a mistake: suppose she is rather ashamed to be reminded of what she wishes had never been; suppose—— Oh, Felix, I am so very sorry for her!"

"For her?" he replied with a bitter little smile; "for her? Well, yes, perhaps you are right. She is the more to be pitied of the two."

She had not expected him to take her words thus. She felt a little slighted.

"Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "just look at the clock. I must not stay another moment; Good-bye, Felix; say you forgive me for having been such a discreditable pupil. Forgive and forget."

He took her hand and smiled.

"Good-bye, Ursula," he said. "God bless you! and if I have ever said or done anything you would rather not remember, I, too, say: forgive and forget."

So she left him alone in the shabby room where the afternoon sunlight was again sneering at the dowdy furniture.

And when the twilight had stolen in and softened all the discrepancies, he still sat there, leaning his head on his hands, trying to realise what he had known for long—that his last thread of hope would shrivel away with the first breath of Ursula's decisive word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NOVEL TOUR.—A novel bridal tour is that which a newly-married couple is at present enjoying. Several months ago Charles Fish, a San Francisco clerk, while attempting to board a ferryboat made a misstep and fell over some ropes into the arms of Mary Rathburn, the daughter of a retired merchant.

With an apology the young man departed. A few nights afterwards the pair met at a party and affection was blossomed between the two. Finding that the girl's parents were opposed to the match the couple, a few weeks later, eloped and were married at Sacramento.

The young man, having only $13, told his wife if they could manage to reach New York all would be well, as he had wealthy relatives there.

The girl took off her dresses and attired herself in man's clothing. Their adventures since have been numerous. From Sacramento they made their way by riding on freight trains and on the trucks of passenger coaches.

A week ago Ogden was reached, and, being desirous of seeing some of Colorado's scenery, the Rio Grande was selected. After having been put off half a dozen trains, the couple reached Denver Saturday morning.

The Union Pacific ran a Grand Army excursion train out Saturday night, and the couple managed to go on the train in the capacity of porters. It is more than probable that they will get through to Chicago, reaching New York next month. The girl is extremely pretty and scarcely 19, while her husband is three years her senior.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.—American college boys have no reason to desire the return of "the good old days." In the early days of Harvard and Yale the English "fagging" system was in active force. A freshman was not allowed to wear his hat in the college yard unless it was raining or snowing. Freshmen were required to do servile work for any member of the faculty or of the higher classes at any time of the day except studying hours or after 9 P. M. They were also required to shake and dust the college carpets once a year, and to furnish, at their own expense, all the bats, balls and foot balls used by the students. In some colleges corporal punishment was in force, and pecuniary fines were imposed for minor offences. The amount for lying, drunkenness and fighting was 30 cents, while the fine for card playing was $1 8 cents was imposed for too late attendance at church, while 12 cents was the penalty for too early an attendance, this discrimination being made because it was found that the young men were in the habit of standing at the church door before service and flirting with the young women. The painful accuracy of the Puritan mind was shown in the imposition of a fine of 52 cents for profane swearing. One instinctively feels that these old worthies must have sat down and carefully figured out the exact pecuniary equivalent of each sin. And they were human, too. To offend the Diety by being absent from prayers called for a fine of four cents, but offend a professor by being absent from his lecture demanded a fine of eight cents.

AN Iowa woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.

THE man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

Scientific and Useful.

FAST SHOOTING.—The Emperor of Germany recently sent a specimen rifle to the Emperor of Austria, the barrel of which does not grow hot. After a hundred shots had been fired the barrel was merely warm. The "magazine" of this rifle is in the stock, and the "load" consists of 20 cartridges. It can be reloaded in five seconds, and can discharge 60 shots a minute.

HOUSES AND BAD AIR.—Families about to enter an unused house should have some one open all the doors and windows and thoroughly air the house for several days before they enter, and also with buckets or hose to flush out the entire plumbing system of the house, thus filling all traps and cutting off communication with the sewer. Let no one neglect these simple precautions; they may possibly prevent the sickness and death of some member of your family.

A NOVEL RESPIRATOR.—A London inventor has brought forth an appliance for enabling the wearer to breathe and work with comfort in dense smoke, and also in poisonous gases, the arrangement consisting of a respirator with an India-rubber mouth-piece. The respirator is held by two projections, which are grasped between the teeth and a flange, which lies between the teeth and the lips, additional security being provided by an elastic band passing around the head.

SPYING OUT SPONGES.—The Florida sponge fishermen detect the presence of sponges by means of a water-glass, which is a simple contrivance, being a circular piece of glass inserted in the bottom of a bucket. The bucket is thrust into the water, and looking through the glass, the sponge hunter can clearly distinguish any object on the bottom of the sea, even if the water be rough. The sponges are gathered with a pole from eighteen to forty feet long, with a three-pronged iron claw at the end.

ON SHIPBOARD.—A Brazilian inventor, to whom a patent has just been issued, proposes to remedy the annoyance suffered from the shaking of dishes upon the tables on shipboard by means of an electric contrivance. His idea is to use an electro-magnetic device. To the under side of the dishes will be attached several small pieces of iron, and on the table will be laid long strips of soft iron to which wires leading to a battery will be connected. The use of this electro-magnetic appliance will not mar the appearance of the tables, and certainly it should prove effective.

Farm and Garden.

PITS.—The bottom of all manure pits, if large quantities of manure are to be accumulated, should be well covered with cut straw, leaves, earth or any other absorbent material.

LIME.—The time to apply lime is in the fall, so as to allow it time to act on the soil. The beneficial effects of lime may not be apparent until the second season, much depending upon the condition of the soil and its composition. It should be applied on the surface to be carried down by the rains, and not plowed in.

BUTTER.—No rule can be laid down for salting butter to make it the most satisfactory to the consumer. Tastes differ. Some want a great deal of salt and others want none. Unless you are supplying a private customer, therefore, salt at the rate of from three-quarters to an ounce per pound.

STOCK.—To improve stock by selecting the best for that purpose is commendable, but the method is a slow one compared with the immediate benefits derived by resorting to pure-bred stock in order to grade up the common stock, and the value is also greatly increased at but small expense of time and labor.

THE COW.—The cow soon becomes accustomed to the milker, and if treated kindly will cease giving evidences of vices. To strike her places her in fear, and she will seize every opportunity to kick or move her position. Milking should be performed quietly, the cow being given her food just before beginning to milk her.

BREEDING.—No sheep-breeder or wool-grower having any experience will attempt the improvement of his flock with a cross-bred ram or a grade, no matter how good an individual he may be. This has been proved in every department of the breeding business, and is too well-known to be disputed by any one conversant with the facts of experience.

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Moral and Material.

Some writers claim there is a resemblance between the moral beauty of the soul and the material beauty of nature. A famous author denies this, and says that asserting there is any general uniformity in the system of nature, any tendency to accordance between the moral and material worlds, starts with a most inadmissible assumption.

This imputed harmony of purpose is so far from being warranted by fact, that the glaring inconsistency of the two schemes, the physical and the moral, has ever excited the astonishment of philosophers.

Order, beauty, regularity, and exquisite adaptation of means to ends, are the characteristics of the former; confusion, casualty, injustice and mystery are too often perceptible in the latter; and the obvious incompleteness of this dispensation is one of the strongest arguments that it cannot be final, but preparatory to a more perfect state of existence.

Let us take the face of nature, whose beauty we may analyze with the more impartiality because it cannot excite either love or jealousy.

There must be something wanting in the intellectual, almost in the bodily, organization of that man who can look out upon the glorious pageant of the world without being struck with admiration and delight at the prospect of the green and flowery earth, the flashing waters and the sunlighted sky; not for that beauty which an animal eye can embrace as fully as a man's, but because those objects, harmonizing with the warbling of birds, the lowing of cattle, the soft murmur of the wind, the tinkling of the running brooks, and the perfume of flowers, not only make our other senses partakers in the eye's banquet, but recreate the understanding also by impressing it with a complacency of the surrounding happiness and raising it to the benevolent and Almighty dispenser of so many blessings.

This is, perhaps, the finest and most intense union of sensual and sentimental gratification of which our nature is susceptible.

But this is to contemplate nature in her smiles; and, according to analogy, there should be nothing but a correspondent distortion, dissonance and deformity in her frowns, like anger and other ugly qualities in the moral world.

The black and threatening sky, the roar of the thunder, the hoarseness of the torrent, the screaming of birds, the bellowing of cattle, ought to be all in strict character with the ungraceful posture of the broken or prostrate flowers and the wrenched angular outlines of the reverted boughs.

But this is a theoretical conceit, for, to the real admirer of nature, she is not less beautiful in these manifestations of her might, majesty and grandeur, in these bursts of sublime magnificence, than in the mildest moods of her serenity and loveliness; for he associates with them the dispersion of noxious vapors, the fertilization of the earth, and the fulfilment of gracious and salutary purposes, which could not have been accomplished by less boisterous ministers.

What nonsense! to talk of prying into a face for curves and angles, drawn upwards to heaven or downwards to the earth; or to study attitudes and postures with reference to intrinsic beauty, or with reference to any thing except those invisible feelings and qualities of which they may afford us external indications.

The best part of beauty is that which a painting cannot express. It is the moral, the soul, the imperishable portion of the features which constitutes the grand attraction, and this may exist without the least material beauty as generally understood.

On the other hand, association sometimes lifts an object out of its materiality, elevates it to the dignity of a sentiment, and endears to our eyes that which is intrinsically revolting or disgusting, as in the case of relics and hideous idols; and sometimes the beauty of the object blinds the mental eye to the ugliness of the moral association.

Sounds are subject to the same law, for the ear is as great a traitor as the eye, and both are made the playthings of the understanding.

As to the sweet tones attributed to joy, surely laughter, apart from associations, or the circumstances under which it is heard, is as harsh as any modulation of which the voice is susceptible.

But apart from all consideration of beauty, talents and virtue, the good heads and the good hearts, will be generally found to go together; for an enlarged intellect will be aware that, according to the vulgar adage of honesty being the best policy, amiability is the surest happiness, since we cannot impart without receiving pleasure.

Many writers have considered crime such a gross error in calculation as to amount to madness. Certain it is, that he who is the most virtuous is the best consulter of his own interest, while he is at the same time affording the finest evidence of his superior understanding.

Nor is there anything selfish in this feeling, for "true self-love and social are the same," and no man can be accused of egotism who becomes a blessing to himself by bestowing blessings upon others

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If an intimate and beloved friend asks you for your confidence, well and good; you know to whom you trust yourself. You are bound by the strong ties of friendship and mutual trust, of proved faithfulness and long-time knowledge. That is quite another matter, and friendship has its rights as well as its duties; but it is the people whom you do not know, and have no cause to trust, whose demands on your confidence come so crudely and sound so conscienceless. Why should you trust a chance acquaintance with your secrets? If you, the natural custodian, cannot keep your own treasure safe, do you expect that any one else will? "Fast bind—safe find," is a good old saying that applies as much to verbal reticence as to mechanical security, and if you want to make quite sure that your affairs are not made common property, take care not to give them into general keeping.

People are always talking of originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. After all what can we call our own except energy, strength and will?

God is love; man and the spiritual universe is an expression of it. What does love need of law, with restrictions and penalties, to keep it on the line of right where it never seeks its own, but always another's welfare?

The metaphysical version of the golden rule is a most explicit teaching. It leads to just living through just feeling and just thinking. If in our spirit we feel only love, our mind can not generate hatred

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Man's reason, suborned by his feelings, refuses to investigate. His reason returns to him false reports. His reason, unlike many dishonest officials who return overcharged bills, returns undercharged bills. If there be a transgression, and the man looks at it, it is maximum; but reason, suborned and acting under the influence of the feelings, returns minimum. Send out reason to inspect and bring in statistics of wrong. How seldom is it that a man's reason is true to its trust, and reports to him what he really is, and what is the magnitude of that which is wrong in him!

Charity is the crowning grace of faith and hope, and queen-like sheds its sweetness over the whole soul, making it to be beautiful and acceptible to Divine Goodness; so that if the soul be a kingdom of which the Holy Spirit is King, charity is there to be found as "a queen in a vesture of gold wrought about with divers colors." If the soul be the regal consort of our Heavenly King, charity is as the royal crown upon her head; or if the soul and body together are as a little world, charity is the sun which warms, vivifies and embellishes the whole.

Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously with all his might.

Patience and fear are the fences of hope. They are like the cork in the fisher man's net, which keeps it from sinking, and the lead, which prevents it from floating. Hope without fear is in danger of being too sanguine; fear without hope would soon become desponding.

There is, there can be, no shelter, safety, nor security in the cobweb of self-righteousness. If not stripped off in this world, it will most surely be swept away by the first breath of eternity.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than we sow. Sow act, and we reap a habit; sow habit, and we reap a character; sow character, and we reap a destiny.

When paths are constantly trodden they are kept clean, but when abandoned the weeds choke them up; so weeds choke the mind in the absence of employment.

Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief in the world than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandals and clippers of reputations.

The love of posterity is the consequence of the necessity of death. If a man were sure of living forever here, he would not care about his offspring.

Leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.

We must not speak all that we know—that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks—otherwise it is knavery.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

The wisest must in a thousand times be once mistaken; the most foolish in a thousand times must be once right

---

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities!

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last so long as life.

No indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

The World's Happenings.

A four-legged chicken is a Wymore, Neb., curiosity.

A Georgia woman, aged 87, claims never to have tasted water.

The United States has a lawyer to every 900 of the population.

A hotel to cost $1,125,000 is going up in Sydney, New South Wales.

The first locomotive in America was put in operation August 28, 1830.

In Turkey as much as $2,000 has been paid for an amber mouthpiece.

An infant was drowned in a pail of water at Upton, Mass., this week.

A letter can now be sent around the world in 69 days, via Vancouver.

Buffalo, Dakota, has a 3-year-old boy who weighs 80 pounds and is 4 feet high.

A plain gold ring was found by a Washington, N. C., man imbedded in a large block of ice.

Enough snow to completely cover the ground fell at Milford, Mass., on a recent Sunday.

A story comes from Kentucky of a man being pulled under the water and drowned by a 235-pound catfish.

Taylor's bustle manufactory at Bridgeport, Conn., where 600 girls have been employed, has shut down.

While examining a bunch of bananas, a Boston dealer found a snake two feet long concealed under the fruit.

In China the husband of an Imperial princess has an extra horse on the outside of the shafts of his wagon.

A Dresden manufacturer has produced thread from the common nettle so fine that 80 miles of it weigh only 2½ pounds.

In Switzerland 70 per cent. of the young men are said to be unfitted, by the use of alcohol and tobacco, for military service.

A Newark, N. J., man attempted suicide recently, shooting himself in the breast while kneeling on his child's grave.

Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire, will not allow any one employed in his big hotel to receive tips under any pretence.

The mate of a Maine schooner has a seal that follows him like a dog, and is allowed to take a bath in the sea whenever it likes.

Since the Austrian Government raised the price of cigars there has been a very material falling off in the number used there.

Somebody with a taste for figures has made the calculation that in the year 1997 the United States will have a population of 1,000,000,000.

Prince George of Wales is the only member of the English royal family who speaks the language of his country without a foreign accent.

A Pittston cat found a mackeral can in an alley, inserted her head to lick up the crumbs, got fast, and was only disincumbered by a plumber.

Thirty thousand out of the forty thousand people of Jerusalem are Hebrews, and the Israelites bid fair to again become the predominant people in Palestine.

A peddler, given a night's lodging recently in a Cleveland, Ohio, police station, said he was 92 years old, and that he had walked all the way from Williamsport, Pa.

A silver bell has been hung in a tower in the village where the railroad accident to the Czar's train happened, and it will be tolled every day at the hour of the accident.

In a 16 page love letter exhibited in court in Southeast Missouri the other day, the word "darling" occurred 87 times, and yet the girl in the case said it was "a cold, unfeeling epistle."

"A negro woman at Montgomery," reports a Anniston, Ala., paper, "bought a round trip ticket for the corpse of her child in order that she might take it to Pike Road to let her relatives view it before burial."

An enterprising firm has offered the British Government $125,000,000 a year for the privilege of placing a soap and pill advertisement on the postage stamps, the advertisement to be put on at the time the cancelling is done and by the same machine.

A farmer in Jackson, Susquehanna Co., Pa., hired an inexperienced boy, and told him to salt the calf. The boy took salt and rubbed it well into the calf's hair. A herd of colts sniffed the calf, and licked its salt hair so ravenously that they left its back bare.

The man who has been going around Orange, Ohio, clipping the hair of the tails of horses, has at last been caught. He turns out to be insane. He explained that he wanted the hair to make a bed, and took his captors to a cave in the woods where he had three bags full of hair.

Dr Byron Barmwell, of Edinburgh, suggests that the best bribe for school children of the poorer class would be a good meal of bread and milk, rather than marks and prizes. This, he says, at once offers the most powerful means of stimulating the child to work, and gives it as a reward of its work the thing it most requires.

In San Francisco recently watermelons sold so low that wholesale dealers, rather than add further glut the market, threw a consignment of 800 into the bay. Boatmen recovered some of the melons, but the majority either floated off with the tide or sank. Next day the fruit became scarce and prices advanced 60 per cent.

An old trick has been played in New York on a prominent actor. He received letters asking for autographs, and inclosing cards and stamps and directed envelopes. He wrote his name on the cards and thought no more of them until his manager showed them to him with the words "Pass two" written on each one above the name.

THE DYING SWAN.

BY L. M. S.

The dying swan sings sweetest notes,
'Tis said, I've often heard,
So then, let me example take,
E'en from a dying bird!

I'll sing of God's sweet tenderness,
His mercy that is mine,
That in my depth of misery
Gave Heaven's own bliss divine!

The Captain's Puzzle.

BY H. C. D.

ON a fine Saturday morning in July, many years ago, Captain Gayster was leaning out of one of the windows of the officers' quarters at the barracks.

He was a slim little fellow, with a huge ruddy moustache, which gave a very truculent appearance to his sharp-featured face.

He had a great fondness for new scenes and acquaintances; he was abnormally restless; and his combination of manly impatience and womanly curiosity was the cause of much grumbling among his company. In short, he reminded one of a steel spring—the more active for compression.

At the other window stood his junior subaltern, a tall, fair youth, whose Maori blow-tube had so far produced but little impression among the sparrows and pigeons fluttering about the market-place.

Both men were in the undress uniform that they had worn on parade about an hour before.

Except for a chance remark every now and again, they were silently contemplating the scene outside.

It possessed no very great interest, perhaps, beyond the fact that they might never see it again, for the detachment was daily expecting orders to join the regiment at headquarters.

In front of the barracks, but rather to the right, rose the gray limestone walls of the old castle.

The ensign waving over the northern tower, where the shadows lay dark and thick, told that the governor was holding a court within; through an embrasure in the bell-turret peeped the red skull-cap of a prisoner; in the centre of the wall below shone the square face of the Elizabethan one-handed clock; and around was an embattled wall; then a moat converted into a yard; and, lastly, Cardinal Wolsey's glacis covered with grass, on which a goat was tethered near the ancient sundial.

Exactly opposite to the barracks, the castellated custom-house formed, with the entrance to the moat, a little recess.

And here stood a thickly packed throng of farmers' wives and daughters, dressed in quaint costumes, and each carrying upon her arm a basket of butter and eggs, and all busily engaged in settling prices for the ensuing week.

The good old days had gone by when one could purchase "rabbits at five cents the couple, a fat goose for twelve cents, hens and ducks at six cents a piece, and usually twelve eggs a penny."

The captain's orderly considered himself fortunate in getting thirty eggs for a shilling, while the mess-sergeant who arrived later, had to pay rather more.

In the centre of the market-place was a row of unlimbered carts containing farm produce.

Out of one of them an infant pig was poking his snout, not from mere idle curiosity, but in order to express his profound dissatisfaction at the inconvenience he was suffering from the tarpaulin overhead; and from others came the pitiful complaints of ducks, and fowls, and calves, also displeased at the narrowness and gloom of the space allotted to them.

Funny old farmers were strutting among piles of cabbages and potatoes and turnips, and here and there was a stalwart fisherman, carrying his purchase of bread and vegetables in a basket upon his shoulders.

Except for the latter the whole affair looked like an agricultural exhibition on a small scale; gossip appeared to be the only business.

A few better-dressed men, with their hands behind their backs, were sauntering up and down.

Opposite to the barracks they halted to chat with the officers in the windows, and presently continued their walk.

When the one handed clock struck the hour of eleven, they stopped with one accord, took out their watches, and set them for the day.

The wind not having been strong enough to interfere with the exposed hand during the night, the time was doubtless pretty correct.

At this moment there came along a short, thin, red-headed man with a clean-shaven face and a treading-on-eggs sort of walk.

He had arrived in Castletown only a month before, and his newness being a great attraction in Gayster's eyes, the two had speedily become fast friends.

"Morrison, there's Smith over the way," said Gayster, waving his hand out of the window. "I can't make him look. Stir him up gently with that tube of yours."

"Right," answered the subaltern, and raised the blow-tube to his mouth.

Phit! Smith sprang a foot into the air. His face had turned a ghastly white, and he looked about him like a startled hare. There could be no doubt that Mr. Smith was a singularly nervous man.

"Hang it all! You have hurt him," said Gayster.

"You see," returned Morrison carelessly, "I was obliged to get some speed on to make the pellet travel the distance. At any rate, I have attracted his attention. He is coming now."

He went out into the hall to open the door. A few moments later Mr. Smith entered the room alone.

"By Jove!" he said, drawing one of the camp-chairs to the window, "Morrison gave me a start. There is something wrong with my heart, the doctors tell me, and a sudden shock knocks it out of time."

"The youngster should have known better," said the captain, calmly ignoring his own share in the matter.

"Perhaps you noticed that I looked surprised?"

"Well, yes, I did."

"Anything sudden, even a slap on the back, always affects me so."

"You want a tonic. A bathe would set you right in no time. I'm thinking of walking over to Scarlett; will you come?"

"No—really—I don't care much about it."

"It's a glorious morning," urged Gayster, pointing to the blue sky, "and the sea will be as warm as a geyser."

Mr. Smith inspected his boots.

"The fact of the matter is," he said after a pause, "I never bathe."

"Goodness gracious, what a strange fellow you must be! Why, I trot about the country and tumble into the sea, and trot along again and tumble in again. There's nothing like it. It keeps the blood moving."

"Yes—yes, no doubt. But there is my heart to be considered, you know. Besides, I can't swim, and I don't care to sit at the edge, and let the waves flop over me. There is not much fun in that, though some people seem to think so."

"Perhaps not," laughed the captain. "At any rate you can come and watch me bathe. Morrison has gone for a sail, but I daresay we can get someone else to join us."

Without waiting for an answer, he darted away to change his uniform for a mufti.

The two men left the barracks just as the lumbering old coach clattered into the market place and drew up amid general excitement.

The farmers formed a semicircle around the door, the farmers' wives and daughters in the recess turned to watch what was going on, and a number of small boys skirmished around the panting horses.

Mr. Smith appeared to be the only one who took no interest in this animated scene, but Gayster pressed forward to inspect the new arrivals, who were mostly country people with a sprinkling of advocates.

One inside passenger, however, a tall, stout, dark man with piercing black eyes, was clearly a stranger.

Without leaving his seat he peered out curiously, and some little time elapsed before he could be induced to alight.

When he stood upon the ground, it was evident that he was slightly lame. In his hand he carried a knapsack.

"My name is Robinson," he explained to Gayster; "my object in life to cure a disordered liver."

He laid his hand upon the region affected.

"I wander to and fro seeking a cure, not in doctors' poison, but in change of air. That, sir, is my idea."

"Indeed!" said the captain, twirling his huge moustache and staring very hard.

"Quite so. And as I mean to spend a few weeks here, I should like to find lodgings. I should be greatly obliged if you would recommend me to some good ones."

The request was unusual; yet Mr. Robinson, in spite of his peculiar manner, had a gentlemanly appearance, which took Gayster's fancy. So after a brief hesitation, he said:

"One of my friends is living in lodgings here, and I believe there are some rooms vacant in the same house. If you'll excuse me one moment, I'll go and ask him."

He rushed off to where Mr. Smith was standing, about twenty yards away. Touching him on the arm, he pointed through a gap in the crowd beyond the row of carts.

"Do you see that man yonder?" he asked. "The tall stout man looking this way now. Well, he seems a decent sort, and he wants rooms, he—— Confound it all! that's an odd way to treat me."

The last sentence was delivered with greater emphasis than the others, and the speaker was gasping in angry bewilderment at every point of the compass in turn.

Mr. Smith had vanished. The crowd had swallowed him up so completely, that not even a trace of his red head was visible. Possibly a spasm of the heart had carried him off.

About the suddenness of the attack there could be no doubt; but it was very annoying to Gayster, who looked both surprised and crestfallen as he walked back to the coach.

Curiously enough the man with the disordered liver had also disappeared in a mysterious manner.

Had his complaint proved too much for him? or had he got tired of waiting, and gone away to look for lodgings on his own account?

Gayster was so disgusted, that he returned to the barracks without bathing, and did not leave his quarters until three o'clock, at which hour he took his men out for exercise.

When the gates were thrown open, he marched his company off, headed by a fife and drum band and followed by a mob of boys, such was the military enthusiasm in the town at this time. They took the Port Erin road, and returned along the coast.

Gayster paused awhile at an ancient burial-circle on the very verge of the cliffs, in order to admire the scenery.

Except for a few feathery clouds overhead, and on the horizon a pink mist that veiled the hills, the sky was a deep undappled blue.

The warm sun shone down upon a glassy sea curving back into the Great Bay of Poolcash, eddying around the dangerous Carrick reef in the centre, and murmuring in the gulleys that fringed the shore.

Away to the south, where the dark tanned sails of the luggers were idly flapping against the mast, the Chicken Lighthouse rose like a stately oak from the midst of the waters, while from the range of black headlands opposite, the Calf Islet gleamed in gold and purple.

The fife and drum band displayed its notion of "the fitness of things," by striking up "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," against which a redshank filed a shrill protest, and Gayster, not without a wistful look at the water, hurried after his men.

But when the black dome of the Stack of Scarlett came in sight, it occurred to him that instruction might profitably be combined with amusement; so, sailing a ball upon the grassy slopes that border on the cliffs, he gave instructions for storming the rocks.

The shore here consists of volcanic tufa, very solid pumice-stone, in fact, ejected by the Stack in some bygone age.

It is exceedingly rough, bristling with sharp crags, and full of holes. Nevertheless, the men managed to scramble over it somehow, though at a spot near the water's edge a few suddenly stopped and gazed and wondered.

"What's the matter, O'Connor?" demanded the captain, arriving hot and out of breath.

"Thim clothes, sorr, an' silver a sowl belonging to thim."

"Halt!" he roared, for the little fellow had a big voice as well as a big moustache.

That ownerless heap lying upon a fairly level platform a few feet above the sea had given him a sad start, for something about the garments reminded him of Mr. Robinson.

He hurried forward and picked up the coat, and, lo! there was the knapsack. Doubt was no longer possible.

What had become of the unfortunate man? For answer, Gayster turned to the murmuring sea.

The water being as clear as crystal, it was easy to peer right down into its rocky depths where the tall brown stalks were gently waving to and fro, but with a decided list towards the Calf; yet no sign of what was or once had been a living thing was to be seen, except a great conger curled in a crescent among the seaweed.

About thirty yards from the shore, however, the glassy surface was disturbed by eddying ripples, growing in size as they neared a broad glistening belt which stretched away to the Calf.

A stranger, beholding that silvery streak, might have attached no particular significance to it; so it was probable that Mr. Robinson, having ventured out for a swim, had been carried away by the powerful current, the rate of which often exceeds seven knots an hour.

If so, there was but little chance of recovering the body. Nevertheless, the captain ordered a thorough search to be made among the gulleys, while he himself sat down to examine the clothes.

The pockets contained nothing of any importance, a few shillings, little else; and, strangely enough, the knapsack was empty, except for a torn piece of paper on which was written in pencil—"Robinson."

This conclusively settled the question of identity. Yet the more Gayster puzzled over the matter, the more mysterious it appeared.

An empty knapsack and a few shillings made an odd equipment for a lodger intending to take lodgings for several weeks.

Of course, he might have left his more substantial luggage in the town, but then why should he come to bathe with his knapsack? Was it part of his idea for curing a disordered liver?

While Gayster was still sitting in the same spot, there came a faint shout from the other side of the Stack. It was taken up by one man after another, and so passed along the line.

He sprang excitedly to his feet and began to scramble over the rocks, in the direction from which the sound proceeded. A corporal advanced and saluted.

"Captain," said he, with a dismal wondering look, "there's another heap of clothes over yonder."

"What!" cried Gayster in dismay. "Another man drowned?"

"It appears like it."

"It can't be."

"Well, captain, you can see for yourself," said the corporal, pointing to a spot where rose layer upon layer of limestone rocks, fearfully warped and twisted in the agony of the fiery flood that had once poured around them.

On one of the ledges stood a group of soldiers, gazing in amusement at a bundle covered with a towel.

When Gayster arrived in hot haste upon the scene he was horrified to find that the clothes belonged to his friend, Mr. Smith, who had indeed worn them that very day in the barracks.

Once more he sent his men off to search the rocks around; once more he sat down to hunt for some clue, and, if it were possible, to think calmly.

Here was a mystery far more insoluble than that other, though the same current was rushing along past the Stack, about a hundred yards distant.

Mr. Smith had distinctly stated that he never bathed. He had even given his reasons: heart disease, his inability to swim, and his dislike to sit at the edge and let the waves flop over him.

A bathing accident, then, was out of the question, unless, vexed at being laughed at, he had determined to learn to swim without saying a word to anybody, and had been drowned in the attempt.

The supposition was possible, but not probable, he was such a singularly nervous creature.

Could he have committed suicide? If so, why had he brought a towel? Why had he covered up his clothes with it?

As an act for the purpose of misleading, it was just conceivable, but not otherwise. Again, he would never have selected a shelving creek when deep water lay on either hand.

Yet beyond the hypotheses of accident and suicide, there seemed to be no other, except that of murder, which was excluded by the very nature of the case.

The search among the rocks threw no light upon the matter, so the captain marched his men back to Castletown and left the two suits of clothes at the police-station.

An inquiry was at once set on foot, but it elicited no satisfactory information. So far as could be ascertained, Mr. Robinson had neither entered the hotel nor engaged lodgings; owing to the fact of its being a market day, he had passed unnoticed; but it was the general opinion that he must have walked straight off to Scarlett.

As for Mr. Smith, it appeared that he had taken an unusually hasty lunch, and left his lodgings immediately afterwards. He had not said a word to his landlady about

his intentions; in fact, he never told her anything. Such was his curious reticence about himself that no letter or paper was to be found in either of his rooms.

Moreover, as he had always paid his bills with cash instead of by check, the only way of informing his friends of what had happened, was by means of the newspapers.

Two advertisements were accordingly inserted in English papers, the one describing Mr. Smith and the other Mr. Robinson.

The result was appalling. It almost seemed as if the country was peopled with lame Robinsons and red-headed Smiths, whose tendencies were suicidal, and whose occupation was elopement.

It was feared at one time that an additional postman would be required to assist the unfortunate being whose duties had suddenly become overwhelming. Nor was this all.

Angry females pervaded the town to such an extent that it was scarcely safe to venture out of doors, and all the men were afraid of being dragged into court as matrimonial vagrants. I doubt whether such a hornets' nest had ever been disturbed before.

The excitement was at its height when the route arrived, and the detachment had to leave Castletown, much to Gayster's annoyance.

It had been his earnest desire to probe the matter to the bottom. Grieved at first at the untimely end of a man who after all, was only a casual acquaintance, he had soon given full rein to his curiosity; he had spent most of his spare time running about the town and button-holing everyone he came across—hunting up evidence, he called it; he had interviewed several of the angry females, and made notes of their speeches; he had become a perfect nuisance to the police; and now he had to abandon his task at its very commencement. No wonder he lonely bewailed his hard lot.

"It's unutterably disgusting, Morrison," said he, as they were marching into Douglas a short time before midnight, the hour at which the steamer was to start. "A fine old mystery in real life, and here we are leaving it behind us! I do think the colonel might have had a little more consideration. I am positive that a month's leave would be quite enough to find out what it means Now, don't you think so yourself, Morrison?"

"Possibly," answered the subaltern, who was sick of the subject.

"There can be no doubt about it. Why, I have the clue already. Two men see one another in the market-place and bolt; they run off to Scarlett, and both are drowned. Don't tell me it is merely a coincidence; there is something more in it than that—something strange and mysterious. I can't understand the empty knapsack. That certainly is a puzzle."

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the steamer which lay alongside of the wharf opposite to the company's offices.

Many of the passengers were already fast asleep in their berths; others were making preparations for the night; a few, sitting around the long table in the saloon, were talking in whispers.

Under ordinary circumstances, Gayster would have been glad to turn in after a nine mile march, but the thought of the unsolved puzzle made him more restless and fidgety than usual.

When he had inspected his berth, he looked at the clock and saw that the steamer would not start for another quarter of an hour. There was just time for a cigarette.

So he went on deck, crossed the gangway, and began to pace up and down the dimly-lighted wharf.

So long as he had a foot on shore, he felt that he was not altogether cut off from his chief source of interest.

The night was dark for the month of July, the high ground on the other side of the long narrow harbor was scarcely visible in the gloom, and a mass of heavy clouds hung over Douglas Head, though a few stars were spangled in the blue sky beyond.

The bustle of loading being over, the only persons in sight were a couple of sailors standing by the gangway, and some porters sitting on a pile of barrels, and a solitary policeman in the background.

There was a sharp breeze from the south-west, a mournful plash-plash from the harbor, but scarcely another sound until the first bell went.

And now Gayster saw a head cautiously pushed round the corner of the building, in front of which he was walking.

No doubt it belonged to some homeless wanderer, but as he had nothing else to do, he stood in the shadow and watched it.

Though not close enough to distinguish the features, he could see that it was turned towards the gangway.

Presently it looked at the policeman, and then a hand appeared and pointed at the steamer. The policeman nodded his head. This was getting exciting.

Gayster had put his cigarette out for fear of attracting attention, and his breath was coming fast and thick.

If he was leaving one mystery behind, it seemed as if he was going to cross in the same steamer with another.

The second bell was unheeded; but at the sound of the third, the man left his hiding place, and made for the gangway. Gayster noticed that he was tall, stout, and lame.

His eyes opened to their widest extent, and the cigarette dropped from between his fingers.

He followed like one in a dream, scarcely knowing what to expect, yet feeling that something astonishing was about to happen.

If he had been asked at this moment to put his thoughts into words, he assuredly could not have done so.

The steamer was in motion by the time that the two men reached the saloon. So far neither had seen the other's features, but when the stranger had just passed the central lamp, he stopped to give an order to the steward, and then the light fell full upon his dark face and piercing black eyes. Gayster could only stammer out—

"Mr. Robinson."

"Let me think," returned the other, with a searching look, but not in the least disconcerted. "Oh! to be sure, I didn't recognize you in your uniform. You are the gentleman I spoke to in Castletown about lodgings."

His sides began to shake, he put his hand to his mouth, and ended up with a gurgling chuckle.

"A cool hand," thought Gayster, angrily. He tugged his moustache and frowned. This impudent fellow had made a complete fool of him, and he was naturally indignant. After a pause, he said with severity:

"May I ask, sir, the meaning of this—this practical joke, I suppose you call it?"

"Oh, yes, you may ask, and what is more, I'll tell you. But, first, will you do me the favor of taking a glass of beer with me?"

"I'm not in the habit of drinking with strangers."

"As you will, sir," said Mr. Robinson, sitting down at the table and helping himself from the bottle which the steward had just brought. "I told you in Castletown market-place that the object of my life was to cure a disordered liver. I have found the cure."

He looked up and smiled.

"Bosh!" said Gayster, impatiently.

"Anything but bosh," returned Mr. Robinson coolly. "A little money was all that I required—a little money to pay the doctor's bill; and when I get back, I shall be paid handsomely. Now do you understand me?"

"No."

"I am a detective."

Gayster's face brightened at once. He could almost solve his puzzle now. His anger vanished and he took a seat.

"Then you were in pursuit of Mr. Smith?" he asked, eagerly.

"Alias Brown, alias Jackson, wanted for forgery."

"But you have lost him. He has been drowned."

Mr. Robinson winked.

"Number twenty-three," he said, chuckling and pointing to a berth opposite. "When he wakes in the morning, I have a surprise in store for him."

He drew from his pocket the end of a pair of handcuffs and laughed merrily again.

Decidedly this Mr. Robinson was a very pleasant man.

"Tell me all about it," said Gayster. "I am puzzled still. Why didn't you capture him in Castletown market place to commence with?"

"Because I can't run. I am stout and lame; there was a crowd and also a row of carts between us. He had quite twenty yards' start; and I knew nothing about the town. I couldn't have caught him if I had tried; I saw that at once. He and I had met before, and the moment he set eyes on me and took to his heels, I felt it was no use running after him. I must catch him in some other way. What I had to do was to prevent his bolting off by some sailing vessel, for it was impossible to watch every port. If only I could set his mind at rest, he would either remain in the island or else take the Douglas steamer at his leisure. In that case, I could trap him neatly. So with the intention of making my quarry think that I had been accidentally drowned I planned and executed that little ruse at the rocks, and then walked straight off to Douglas, where I have been watching the steamers ever since. Imagine my surprise"—he began to laugh again—"at reading in the newspapers that the wily Mr. Smith had practised the very same ruse upon me that I had upon him; at least, that was my opinion at the time, and you see it has been justified. He lies snugly asleep yonder little dreaming who is his fellow-passenger."

"Did the Castletown police know?"

"Yes, I told them as soon as possible."

"That was why they looked bored when I questioned them," said Gayster, grimly. "And the empty knapsack?"

Mr. Robinson laughingly produced it from beneath the table.

"The Castletown police," he said, "forwarded the things that I had left on the rocks. The knapsack contained the rest of my wardrobe, which I put on my back before starting for Douglas."

"No wonder I was puzzled," said the captain, reflectively.

THE LATEST SWINDLE.—A well-dressed man dropped into a "fashionable" up-town saloon last evening, and taking a canary bird from his pocket, confidentially informed the barkeeper—there happened to be only one in attendance at the moment—that he had bought the bird as a birthday present for his wife. He explained that he had paid a fabulous sum for the yellow songster, because, besides being a wonderful singer, he had many accomplishments rarely possessed by even the most intelligent canaries. The bird was put through his paces, and then, after a moment of rest, flew over to where it could roost behind the high woodwork back of the bar. Its owner immediately started to whistle the bird down, but the only effect was to bring two toughs in from the street who were in distress for two glasses of beer. While the beer was being drawn the owner of the bird wished to get behind the bar to recover his pet. The barkeeper declined respectfully but firmly, and so the till was not "worked," and the three conspirators went out much sadder if wiser men than when they went in.

Little Jim.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

IT certainly was a dreadful day for the middle of March; the sleet was being driven in clouds along the streets by a keen east wind, and roads and pavements were deep in slush.

Nurse Grant paused just within the threshold of a small house in Old Road, to unfurl her umbrella and gather up her skirts.

"I will call again this evening, Mrs. Evans; but I think the danger is past for the present, and you need not be uneasy."

"Thank you, nurse, I'm sure. Please God, things will go better now."

"Well, I really think she is round the corner; but be sure she takes plenty of nourishment. Good-morning."

"Oh, nurse, I nearly forgot, so I did! Will you just call in at No. 9, and see Little Bow-Legs?"

The nurse nodded; she was already out in the street, and the wind would have drowned any verbal reply.

Her black veil was blown across her face, her umbrella creaked with the strain upon it, and nurse gave a little shiver as she hurried along, pushed on by the wind as by unseen hands.

When she reached No. 9, she gave a sharp double rap at the knocker, and then watched a grating in the pavement to the left.

A face appeared below it presently, and nurse nodded; a moment after the door swung open, and nurse dived into the welcome shelter.

"Very dark down-stairs to-day, isn't it, Miss Moses?"

"It is so, nurse; but I'm glad all the rooms are let."

"I'd rather have one room up-stairs unlet, I think, and get more light and air. I wonder I don't have you for a patient, living in a cellar like that;" and nurse shook her head severely and began to climb the stairs.

On the second landing she opened a door and entered a low room lit by one small dirty window. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and a large table covered with crockery, sewing materials, papers, etc., stood in the middle.

The walls were hung with bird-cages of every description, some wretched little wooden things, others nice large breeding-cages, and all occupied by birds, who were fluttering and singing and filling the room with noise.

Several strings were stretched across the ceiling, from which damp garments were hung; and diving under these, nurse reached the fireplace, before which a small boy was sitting.

He had not heard her enter because of the birds; but directly he saw her, he got up from the floor, and seizing various rags, threw them over the cages from which the loudest songs were trilling, and then pushed forward a chair and said:

"Sit down."

He was a boy of about seven, with a well shaped head and clear pale complexion; on his face was a grave expression, as of one weighed down by weary experiences.

"He is very ill, nurse. Do you think he can live? He is to be my very own, if he does;" and he held up a wretched-looking canary he had been cuddling under his coat.

"It looks very ill, Jim. Has it caught cold?"

"I b'lieve so. He used to sing beautiful, better nor all the others put together, and now I think he'll die."

"I hope not. But you didn't send for me to see the canary, did you?"

"No, nurse." The boy paused and covered up his bird. "I want to go to the 'orspital."

"I'm afraid, dear boy, they can't do anything for you there."

"Oh yes, they can; they can do most anything. Do take me."

"But, Jim, it would be a horrid operation, and you would have to stay in bed for weeks."

"I don't care; I don't care for nuffin, so as to be like other boys. Now, I can't run, but I tumbles down, and they shouts after me everywhere: 'There goes Little Bow-Legs!'"

The boy's voice quivered, and nurse looked distressed.

Just then the door opened, and a woman came in with a black bundle in her arms.

"Bless me, nurse, is that you? Sure you are good to that boy. I dunno what he would do without the books you lend him, for he can't play like other boys."

"Is that work, Mrs. Millan? How are you getting on?"

The woman unpinned the black bundle and threw it on the bed.

"Flannel trousers, nurse. A nice job to do in a muck of a room like this. The birds sprinkle dirty water over everything."

"Better than no work; and the birds paid the doctor's bill last year."

"That's true too. How's Betty Evans?"

"She is much better to-day. About this boy of yours, Mrs. Millan; he says he wants to go to the hospital to see if they can straighten his legs. What do you wish?"

"Wish! I wish I'd never married his father. He's got his father's legs, and he'll get his father's temper soon, I spec."

"I don't know anything about his father; but I think Jim is the best and most intelligent boy of his age that I know. Do you wish him to go to the hospital?"

"As he likes," replied Mrs. Millan carelessly. "I don't believe nothing will make those legs straight. 'Taint as though it were an accident; it runs in the family."

"If anything could be done, it would probably be by breaking the bones of both legs, and the boy would be in bed a month. Could you lie quietly on your back for four weeks, Jim?"

"Yes, or a year, so as I should be like other boys."

"If he's set on it, nurse, he'd better go, if you can give him a letter."

"I will give him a letter," said nurse, rising. She glanced round the crowded little room, and longed to put in a plea for more space and light; but experience had taught her it was useless.

The Millans were very respectable; but the husband was an enthusiastic politician, and his spare time and cash were devoted to the cause of his particular creed.

He also had legs so bowed as to be a hideous deformity, and perhaps this had helped to embitter the man's spirit. Poor Mrs. Millan had a hard time of it often with this cantankerous husband of hers; and her speech had grown very sharp, her nature hard, through constant collision with the man she had married from love and pity.

She had to work to keep the home together; and small room though that home consisted of, it was often difficult to pay the rent.

So nurse made no complaint of the untidy close room, but wrapped her cloak around her, and nodding good-bye to Jim, went forth into the storm-driven streets again.

That very afternoon she applied to the matron of the District Nursing Society, and secured an out-patient's letter for Little Bow-Legs.

She scarcely thought the surgeons would attempt to straighten such crooked limbs; but the boy might become more content were he once persuaded that his burden was inevitable.

Mrs. Millan took Jim to the hospital the next Saturday afternoon. They found many friends in the out-patients' waiting-hall, and Mrs. Millan enjoyed a good gossip before Jim's turn came to enter the surgeon's room.

At last the porter passed her in; and a nurse in a white cap and apron came forward and took the letter, and after glancing at it, stripped off Jim's shoes and stockings and set him on a chair before the surgeon. A few rapid questions were asked, and several of the students examined the legs.

"My boy, do you want your legs put straight?" asked the surgeon at last.

"Yes, sir."

"You are quite sure you are willing to bear some pain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give him a ticket for the children's ward, Smith. Next case, nurse."

Jim's heart failed him for a moment when he found himself in the long ward with so many curious eyes fixed on him as he walked along in his ungainly manner.

Every one seemed very busy; and a nurse whisked a screen round a crib and slipped Jim into bed in no time, and then dismissed his mother, telling her to come again the next afternoon.

Jim pulled the clothes over his head and cried a little; but presently a baby girl in the next crib began crowing at him, and Jim played bo-peep with her through the bars.

Gradually he gathered courage to look around. There were such lots of pictures and toys and flowers about in this large bright room, that Jim thought it must be like the fairy palace in the book Nurse Grant had lent him.

Presently there came down the ward a tall woman in a dark dress, but wearing a soft white cap with long floating strings, and a dainty apron. She had the most beautiful face Jim had ever seen, and she was always smiling.

There were some people who knew Sister Mona well who said that when she wasn't smiling her face was the saddest face on earth.

But Jim never saw Sister without a smile on her face; and because of the love and compassion which dwelt in her eyes, he always thought she looked like the photograph of the Christ which hung opposite his bed.

The Sister stood beside his crib while she read his entrance ticket; then she had a look at his poor crooked legs.

She talked cheerfully to Jim all the time, but seemed to understand, as no one else had done, what a grievous affliction is an ever-present deformity.

However, the next day when Mrs. Millan came, Sister took her into her own little room and asked her seriously to consider whether she desired her son to undergo an operation before she came to a final decision.

"Bless me, Sister, I brought him here for an operation. I certainly ain't agoing to take him out again. He gave me no

peace till I brought him; now here he must stop till summat's done."

Sister turned away and went to question Jim; but he only reiterated his mother's statements. His one wish was to be like other boys.

It was Tuesday afternoon when the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Pell Taylor, came to make a thorough examination of Jim's legs.

He was followed by a crowd of students, to whom he pointed out the most remarkable features of the case.

He bade them notice the absence of all signs of rickets; he commented on the strangeness of such a deformity being inherited; and he told them that the outside world would say osteotomy was a cruel operation, not to be undertaken merely for the cure of a deformity; yet it was at the express wish not only of the parent, but of the small patient himself, that he was about to perform that operation.

And in conclusion he bade the dresser of the case make a cast of the legs as they then were, and told Sister to have Jim in the theatre the next day at three o'clock.

After all, poor Little Bow-Legs was only a child, and was very frightened when the time for the operation drew near. But he knew nothing about it.

He remembered waking up and feeling very sick, and his legs pained him, and he cried a great deal.

Then he slept again; but when he woke the pain was still there, and his head ached, and he cried again. Then Sister came and tried to soothe him, but he scarcely heeded her till she said:

"Look at your legs, Jim."

He dried his eyes, and Sister threw off the bed-clothes—and there were two straight legs tightly bandaged up between thin wooden boards, and slung from an iron cradle.

He gazed in amazement.

"That's right, dear; don't cry any more, for you are no longer Little Bow-legs.—Drink some milk, and go to sleep."

For the next few days Jim was very quiet: his legs were rather painful, and he had to lie flat on his back always.

Then he gradually got more cheerful than he had ever been in his life before; he chatted with the other children and played with the toys the nurses gave him, and whenever his bed was made, he gazed anxiously at those two straight legs in the wooden splints.

Did they really belong to him? Should he ever stand upright on them and walk like other boys?

Mrs. Millan came constantly to see Jim, for she was a good mother.

"How's my bird, mother?" Jim always asked.

"Oh, it's all right; ever so much better nor it was when you was always foolin' it about. I reckon you'd better sell it before next winter, though. You'd get a dollar for it easy."

Jim had another plan in his mind, but he kept it secret for the present. At last, after many long days of patient waiting, came the anxious time when the splints were to be removed.

The great surgeon himself was there to see the result of his skill; and oh! with what suspense Jim watched while bandage after bandage was unrolled and the bits of wood were taken away.

He held his breath while Mr. Pell Taylor ran his hand over the thin little legs and then lifted first one and then the other.

"Yes, that's all right, Mr. Roberts. Wonderfully successful!—Where are those casts?"

Sister fetched the casts of the two little bow-legs out of a cupboard, and Mr. Roberts put them side by side with the two straight limbs which Jim was eyeing so anxiously. Were they really his legs?

He tried to move one, and it felt dreadfully heavy and queer, still it did move a little, and certainly the great surgeon seemed pleased.

"Splendid! splendid!" he exclaimed. "We must have a cast of the legs as they are now, and keep both for comparison. Put a plaster of Paris bandage on now; but before the boy goes out, be sure and take a cast."

"Is it all right, Sister? Shall I be able to walk on them?" whispered Jim.

"Yes; it is quite right. You shall run races and win them, in a week or two."

The next time Mrs. Millan came, Jim told her the good news with a smile. The old grave expression was leaving his face, and he was always laughing now.

"I suppose you'll be home soon?" said his mother.

"I s'pose so. Do you think father would give me a cage for my bird? I've got some money here the doctors and people have gave me."

"Bless me, child, you can keep the bird where it is till you sell it."

"But it's my very own bird, mother, and I don't want to sell it. I want to give it to the doctor what made my legs straight."

"You little stupid! he don't want the bird."

"Please bring it next time, mother, and let me try."

Sister was rather dismayed when she found a canary in full song located at Jim's bedside; but when she learnt what was in the boy's mind, she was greatly pleased.

A few days afterwards she came running down the ward; and none of the children had ever seen Sister run before, so they called out:

"Hi Sister!—Golly! look at Sister running!"

But Sister only smiled, and ran on till she reached Jim, who was sitting on a small chair with two crutches by his side.

Sister seized the cage and put it in Jim's hand and whisked away the crutches. Just then Mr. Pell Taylor entered the ward, followed by the usual crowd of students.

"Now, Jim," said Sister, "walk to meet him and offer him the bird."

Jim struggled to his legs and walked down to the ward, firmly and uprightly, till he met the great surgeon.

"For you, sir," said Jim, holding up the cage, "because you have cured my bandy legs."

CANINE SMUGGLERS.

Among the many ingenious devices which have been resorted to from time to time for the purpose of evading the Custom-house duties levied upon certain articles, it may not be generally known that our canine friends in France have played no inconsiderable part, but have been largely used as aiders and abettors in the nefarious trade of smuggling, themselves being the carriers of contraband goods.

Such has, however, been the case; and the way in which the dog was trained for the work of smuggling, and rendered an efficient agent capable of being entrusted with the cargoes which he was expected to bear in safety over the frontiers, is not without interest.

The commodities which the dog conveyed were chiefly lace and cigars, both of these being light and portable; and these articles were actually carried between Belgium and France for a considerable time by means of these sagacious creatures.

The method by which the dogs were rendered amenable to this kind of traffic, and by which certain of them in many cases became quite notorious from their skill in carrying it on, was as follows:

The dog required for the service was a shaggy or long coated one; and in addition to his own natural garment, an overcoat, consisting of the skin of another dog of larger dimensions, was provided, which was fitted on to his shoulders and reaching to his loins, was fastened under the belly, in which part the smuggled goods were closely packed.

These false skins, moreover, were so well adjusted as almost to defy the closest scrutiny.

Besides this disguise, these smuggling dogs had to submit to a special training before they were deemed efficient and qualified to enter upon the business required of them.

For this purpose the master-smuggler, the owner of the dog, made an initiative journey under the guise of a merchant or peasant going to the frontier upon a visit to a relation in the Customs; and he himself would travel thither either by cart or by rail, whilst his accomplice would lead the dog by a cord, through a more circuitous and less frequented road, to the same spot.

The dog had previously been kept without food for at least twenty four hours, and upon his arrival was welcomed by his master with many caresses and an ample supply of his favorite meat.

After this satisfactory reception, he was confined, and again kept without eating for the space of two or three days.

After that time he was released, and then, hungry and impatient, he would make for his former home with all speed, traversing the same route along which he had been previously brought.

Men were appointed to watch for his coming and to waylay him with threatenings; and if he were found to deviate from the course laid out for him, and along which he had been taken, as if for the purpose of making a short-cut across any lane he had to travel, the dog was at once assailed with blows from cudgels, stone pettings, and occasionally, if he perversely persisted, a gun with blank cartridge was fired at him.

These men who thus assaulted the dog were generally clothed in a manner which resembled the uniforms worn by the police and the officers of Customs; consequently, a wholesome terror was thus duly impressed on the animal's mind in regard to all men wearing any official dress, and such were assiduously avoided, whilst considerable caution was also inspired with a desire to keep himself concealed.

The dogs were always sent forth in the twilight, so that they habitually made their journeys during the night.

By these means strenuously carried out, a complete training was soon effected, through which the dog, when deemed fit to enter upon his smuggling career, was able, by his continual excursions to and beyond the frontiers with the various loads entrusted to him, to bring in an excellent income to the master engaged in this illegal trade.

It was not likely, however, that a system like this could long be unnoticed, when men who had hitherto been poor and needy, and who were known to have been hardly able to gain a miserable subsistence, become wealthy in an amazingly short space of time.

This mode of smuggling was discovered; but still it kept its ground, owing to the cleverness of the exports which had been long engaged in it.

At Mayence, there was a dog which had acquired so great a renown that he was dubbed "The Demon" by the authorities. A price was set upon him.

He was white, so all white dogs were carefully watched; but this dog was white no longer; the color of his coat was frequently changed, and his master dyed him black, brown, or light tan by turns.

It was the sudden accession of riches to the owner of this dog, and his indiscreet display of them by building a large and handsome house, that had riveted the attention of the revenue authorities upon this man's movements in the first instance; but the dog was very skilful, and long evaded the emissaries of justice.

Snares and ambuscades were laid for him. Many tales were told of the artful manner in which he avoided them.

At one time he mingled with a flock of sheep right under the eyes of the commissary of police; at another time he trotted the whole distance under the very carriage which was conveying the officer of excise who was on the lookout for him.

But the poor fellow was run down at last. Being sore pressed, he endeavored to cross the Scheldt by swimming, and might have succeeded even then in effecting his escape, had he not received previously a slight gunshot wound.

As it was, he met his fate, and was drowned. Within his false skin was found packed, rich lace to the value of ten thousand dollars.

CHANGE OF COLOR.—An eminent botanist thus explains why leaves change in color:

"The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil.

"A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England.

"There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors."

THE SNOW FLOWER.—A very remarkable snow-flower has been discovered in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is continually covered with frost.

This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It shines for but a single day, then resolves to its original elements.

The leaves are three in number and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the North, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow.

The flower, when it opens, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves and about half an inch in length.

On the third day the extremities of the antlers, which are five in number, show minute, glistening specks, which are the seeds of this wonderful flower.

Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and carried them with him to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for some time.

On the first of the following January the miraculous snow flower burst through its icy covering and displayed its beauties to the wondering Russian royalty.

A JAPANESE MYSTERY.—A gentleman now in Tallahassee who has traveled all over the world says he saw one little trick the Japanese had which he was very anxious to understand. He saw a gardener who had a plat of ground some twenty yards square, which was laid out after the plans of a farm of hundreds of acres. There were trees of all kinds, but by some secret process they were dwarfed to the height of a few inches and kept at that any length of time. People bought the trees as novelties, but they immediately commenced to grow. The gardener refused to divulge his secret, saying if he did so he would be beheaded. Strategem also failed to discover it, and the Japanese are yet the only people who can make trees mature in miniature.

As the language of the face is universal, so is it very comprehensive. No locomotive can reach it. It is the short-hand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room. A man may look a sentence as soon as speak a word. The strokes are small, but so masterly drawn that you may easily collect the lounge and proportions of what they resemble.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can—and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are yet subject to their influence may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

THERE is a difference between energy, force and vigor. Energy is connected with the idea of acting, force with that of capability, and vigor with that of health. Energy lies only in the mind, while force and vigor are the property of either body or mind.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The zenith of realism has been attained by an artist in Munich. His ambition was to paint cherubim; but though it was easy enough to affix a pair of wings to a naked child, to suspend it in an effective manner in mid-air—the natural pose of cherubim—was a different matter. He tried them sitting, standing, and lying; but his realistic soul was vexed—they didn't look like the real thing. At last a happy inspiration occurred to him, and he employed a farmer and his wife to toss their wing-decked infant in a blanket while he took a series of instantaneous photographs. From these he is said to have obtained most satisfactory results.

One of the most extraordinary affairs in the history of agriculture is reported from Hambledon, a few miles from Portsmouth, England. A dispute respecting the purchase of some part of an estate has taken place between the owner and the supposed purchaser, and the dispute has been before the High Court. One result has been that for some months everything on the place has been neglected. The hay crop was allowed to remain on the ground untouched, but people in the neighborhood resolved that this should not be the fate of the other crops. There has accordingly been a general rush on the crops. As many as 80 persons men, women, and children, have been counted in a wheat field alone, and all helping themselves at pleasure. One field of about 23 acres had produced a splendid crop of wheat, but it has undergone such mutilation that a local correspondent, describing it, says the scene is scarcely creditable. The corn has been ruthlessly torn or cut, in accordance with the fancy or whim of the destroyers.

A detective relates an interesting story about a cane. The stick belonged to an eccentric millionaire and while going to Chicago he dropped it off the platform. It apparently wasn't worth more than fifty cents, but the man was almost frantic over its loss and, getting off at the next station, telegraphed back, offering $25 reward for its return. He got the cane. Soon after he and the detective met in Chicago. The millionaire had the cane with him, which prompted the detective to ask if "that thing was as valuable as ever?" "Not by a long sight," was the response. "It's worth $20, though," and taking it by the lumpy head, he pressed his thumb on one of the wooden warts in a mysterious, fumbling way and the knotty head fell back. He then handed the detective the stick. It had a hollow three inches deep under the head, and the "hollow" was lined with velvet. "Don't you think I was right to pay $25 for a cane like that?" remarked the owner, adding: "It will never, however, be as valuable to me again as when I dropped it off the platform, for it then contained sentare diamonds worth $25,000.

The Shah of Persia has a museum in his palace that is described as a curious place. "It contains jewelry and treasures of different kinds worth a fabulous amount. The so-called Peacock Throne, carried off from Delhi, 150 years ago, is alone valued at many millions. In it a museum you may also see vases of agate in gold and lapis lazuli, said also to be worth millions; and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make with gaudy labels, that can be made at four cents a piece. You will see priceless necklaces and exquisitely painted cups and cans and vases which were presented by some European potentate; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, variable 10 cent chromos, picked up no one knows how or where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut, and chuck by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music boxes, jews-harps, squeaky hand organs. The Shah must also be in a position to "bull" the market on pearls, for here is, for instance, a big glass case, 24 inches long by 18 inches wide and high, which is more than half filled with pearls (mostly from the Persian Gulf fisheries) of all sizes and degrees of loveliness."

Fattening slaves in a park, and feeding them up like animals destined for the table, and then leading them to slaughter were they are slaughtered like oxen, cut into pieces, and shared bit by bit among hungry cannibals soon in the practice which is permitted, according to M. Fondeze, a French explorer, in some of the French, Belgian, Portuguese and British territories in Congoland. M. Fondeze was sent out three years ago by the French Government to discover the sources of the Niger district, and having returned after the accomplishment of his task, he planned to tell his countrymen about the terrible things he saw in his travels. The "fattening parks" or paddocks are, he says, to be seen in each village, and certain men and women who have been taken in war. The poor wretches take their doom philosophically and some of them to whom M. Fondeze offered freedom, actually refused it. They eat drink, dance and sing until the head "fetish-man" comes round, accompanied by an orchestra of tom-tom and tin-kettle players, selects a suitably fat specimen, carries him or her to the market place of the village, and splits his or her head with a hatchet or scythe-like knife. The eyes and tongue of the victim or given to the "boss" fetish, and the rest of the body is divided among the people.

Our Young Folks.

ABOUT THE BEAR.

BY U. L. M.

ONCE only have I dreamed of hunting the uncouth bear.

I was proceeding from New Orleans to Washington and stayed for a day or two en route in the heart of the Alleghany mountains.

It was winter, and a thin mantle of snow on the ground served to enhance the beauty of the mountain scenery.

Our quarters were of the roughest; but sitting with our pipes and glasses before a stove, heated almost to redness, my companion and I forgot the bitter cold without.

Two parties joined us in our chat, and one of them, a wiry little hunter, discoursed of the buffalo he had shot on the open prairie, and of marvellous adventures with the bear.

He spoke of lean and savage rangers, who, instead of taking the long hibernation nap of winter, prowled around the farms, the terror of their inmates; and he mentioned incidentally that a ranger was said to be abroad that winter and in that very neighborhood.

Our other visitor was not a hunter; he had indeed hunted only once in all his life.

Unacquainted with the weapons of the chase, he was, he informed us on that occasion, in doubt how to load his gun, but considering half and half a fair measure, he had filled the barrel half up with gunpowder, added shot within an inch of the muzzle and rammed all tight.

Thus armed he sallied forth, prepared to shoot anything he might meet with, from a sparrow to an Indian.

The day wore away, however, and he saw nothing but a few birds and beasts which refused to remain in that stationary state which he deemed essential for success.

At last he saw in the middle of the road a large bull-frog which sat contentedly blowing out its sides and meditating. He guessed he'd shoot the frog.

Fetching a large stone on which to rest his gun he lay down at a distance of about three yards and—fired.

"Darn my grandmother, sir, I missed that frog; I guess something was wrong with the gun, for the tarnation thing burst and shattered that stone, blowing me backwards some four hundred yards; and when I recovered from the shock and returned to the spot, the old bull-frog was still there, contentedly blowing out its sides and meditating. But I'm of opinion, sir, that if I had not attempted a shot at long range, and if that weapon had not exploded, I should have bagged that bull-frog."

Our visitors departed, and we discoursed of the ranger bear. If we only might meet him on the morrow.

I agreed that my travelling companion should have the skin if I might have the skull, and so we departed to our rooms to dream of bears.

In the early morning we sallied forth. Over the mountains and in the silent valleys we wandered somewhat aimlessly seeking our prey.

Not a shot did we fire; not even a bull-frog did we see. Animate life was steeped in winter torpor. The cold was intense, our fingers were numbed, I could scarce grasp my repeating rifle.

Crossing a stream bridged with ice my foot had gone through, my boot was encrusted with ice and my trousers frozen like a board.

Hark! What was that crackling of the branches away to our left?

My companion looked up at me and murmured "bear"! His face had not the eager expression of the genuine hunter.

For myself I looked round for something big enough to hide behind. We waited breathlessly. No further sound broke upon the stillness.

When we were quite sure there was nothing moving we proceeded in the direction of the sound.

"No trace of our ranger here," we said in tones to which we endeavored to give a sorrowful ring of disappointment. It was perhaps only the vegetation groaning at the cold.

At all events we saw no bear that day; but when in the evening we sat before the stove, and the blood once more coursed freely in our veins we could speak more fully of our disappointment. If only it had been a bear after all!

The black bear with which I had this thrilling adventure is found in North America. In common with this and other members of his family (the grizzly of the Rocky mountains, the Polar bear of the Greenland ice floes, the sun and sloth bears of the East) he differs very markedly from the Cats.

Just look at Bruin as he slouches about his den or sprawls his ungainly length upon the floor. How different are his clumsy shape and awkward shuffle from the clean-cut form and silent elegant tread of Leo or of Tigris.

Although taught to dance from time immemorial, he has not learnt the art of walking upon his toes, being what zoologists call plantigrade.

He has no sheaths for his long and untidy claws. His shaggy hair is luxuriant with too much natural bear's grease. In tail he is little better than a guinea-pig. His little eyes give to his face an expression half silly and half sly; and his ill-bred manners and deportment have made him proverbial as a very churl among beasts.

Yet hath he his points of interest, this Bruin the bear. Foremost among these to the naturalist is his prolonged winter sleep.

In the plentiful summer season he eats all he can, fruits and vegetables, honey and balsam, insects, fish and flesh, and thus becomes plump and sleek and fat.

Then he goes into winter quarters, in a natural cave, or a hole of his own digging, or the hollow trunk of some old tree.

There he may be snowed up for months; his vital processes are reduced to a minimum. Breathing and circulation continue in a languid fashion, but not a morsel does he eat.

He subsists on the stores of fat he had previously laid up; and not till spring has melted the snows of winter does he emerge thin and weak, and in sorry condition.

With what an appetite must he sit down to his first breakfast after his hibernation sleep! But he is a wise beast, and eats sparingly at first, and for some days after awakening he gets thinner rather than fatter.

He has an affectionate heart, too, this uncouth monster.

Boehm tells of a little boy who crept one night for warmth and shelter into the cage of a savage bear. Instead of devouring the child Bruin took him under his protection, kept him warm with the heat of his body, and allowed him to return every night to his cage; and when the boy died soon after of small-pox the bear refused all food, and joined his little friend in death. The mother is devoted to her cubs, and fearlessly protects them from danger.

Nor is it so very long ago that people in England used to throng to see the "merry sport" of baiting the bear, the proceedings on which occasions were of so orderly, quiet and respectable a character that the word "bear-garden" has become proverbial.

The bear was fastened behind, and then worried by big bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the dogs; and it sometimes happens that they are killed upon the spot; fresh ones are however immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired.

The onlookers used to stand on scaffolds bounding on the dogs by their cries, and betting eagerly on their favorites; and they were told that they must not count for any pleasant spectacle unless they pay one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing.

The method of hunting the bear in Norway and Sweden is peculiar. If it be winter the first proceeding is (or was) to "ring the bear."

This is done by following the tracks of the creatures in the snow. So long as they continue in a straightforward course the hunter knows that the bear had no immediate intention of lying down; but when the course becomes crooked and shows that the bear had doubled on its track, he infers that Bruin has taken up his abode somewhere near.

He then leaves the track and makes an extended ring or detour round the suspected part of the forest.

If he completes the circle without again meeting the track he knows that he has ringed his bear.

If not, he commences another ring; and thus he continues until he has accomplished his object.

This being done, a skall or great hunt is then proclaimed, a notification thereof being given out from the pulpit after divine service, for every good and loyal subject is expected to attend at church; and by the laws of Sweden every house in the district where cattle are kept is bound, after such notification, to furnish at least one man to take part in the skall.

Several hundred men may thus be got together, armed with axes, pikes and guns. These men are divided into two parties.

A certain number, and among them some of the best shots, form a stationary division in a more open part of the forest. The others constitute a driving division.

The members of the two parties thus form an environing cordon round the space in which the bears are ringed.

It is then the duty of the members of the driving division gradually to close in, beating the bush, and shouting. As the circle grows narrower and narrower the work becomes exciting.

The bears are roused from their repose, and charge hither and thither, sometimes attempting to break through the cordon with violence, but generally retreating before the noise and firing.

At last, if they have not already succumbed, they are driven to the more open space, and fall before the rifles of the more experienced hunters.

A black bear in the West had a weakness for chickens.

His master noticed the thinning of the poultry yard and suspicion fell on Bruin owing to the feathers which lay round his pole. They could not catch him in the act however.

He was too sharp for that, and if disturbed when he had but half demolished a pullet he would hastily sit on the remainder and look as innocent as possibly could be.

He was discovered at last, however, by the cackling of a tough old hen which he had failed to silence.

IN MY LADY'S CASKET.

BY A. Y. E.

"OH, you are new, so you don't know the ways of the house," said a Diamond Clasp to a Pearl Necklace as they lay side by side in my lady's jewel casket. "Those not on duty generally tell stories to pass away the time till the others come back."

"If you are at all nervous" put in hastily a Ruby, set in an old fashioned ring, "I will relate one first, to give you confidence. Have you ever heard, mediately, of Peter the Great?"

"There now, I knew how it would be," whispered the Diamond in a vexed tone. "The Ruby only knows one story, and so does the Carbuncle, and they will tell them every night; for they are old and don't go out now."

"It must be dull for them, then," said the Pearls gently. "Don't you think it would be kind to listen?"

"Peter the Great, madam," said the Ruby glibly, "came to England, as you perhaps know, to learn how to build ships.

"When he wanted exercise he used to trundle a wheel-barrow through a bushy hedge. But the point of it is," observed the Ruby impressively, "that when Peter went away he gave his host, King William, a ruby: a ruby, madam, worth ten thousand pounds. That is my story."

And the Ruby looked pleased with himself, while the Diamond looked bored.

"When you have been here as long as I have," he whispered to the Pearls, "you will be as tired as I am of Peter the Great and the ruby. And the Carbuncle has begun her story now. I shall take a nap; but if you have never heard it before, I advise you to listen; it would strike a new comer as being rather good, but after a couple of hundred times or so, it is astonishing how little one seems to care for the best story in the world."

And the Diamond who always slept with one eye open, went to sleep with the other, while the Carbuncle went steadily through her tale in a deep rich voice:

"Once upon a time, my friends, there stood in the market-place at Rome a great statue, with its right hand upraised and pointing to the sky.

"On the middle finger was an inscription which meant, 'Strike here!' and no one had ever been able to make out what was intended by it.

"But there happened to come to Rome a young clerk, and one day, as he was crossing the market-place exactly at the hour of noon, he noticed that this finger cast a shadow at some distance from the statue.

"All at once it flashed upon the clerk's mind that perhaps that was the place to be 'struck'; so he put a mark where the shadow fell, and came back at night, when all the city was asleep.

"Then he began to dig, and the great statue seemed to watch him as it stood with its hand still pointing upwards.

"Presently the clerk came to a ring fixed in a stone slab, and when he had managed to get the slab up he found that beneath it lay a flight of steps.

"Down the steps he went with a quaking heart, and found himself in a magnificent hall, where a king and queen, with their courtiers, sat round a table, all as silent as the grave.

"The clerk looked about to see where the light came from which filled the hall, and discovered that it was due to a great polished carbuncle, and that opposite this wondrous jewel, in the farther corner, stood a man with bended bow and arrow. On his forehead was written, 'I am who am. Nothing can escape my stroke: not even yonder carbuncle which shines so bright.'

"All this greatly amazed the clerk, who passed out of the hall into another chamber, where beautiful ladies were working at a loom, and then into a third beyond, which was full of splendid horses.

"He touched one, and instantly it turned to stone, and the frightened clerk hurried back to the hall.

"Everything was silent, so strange, so gorgeous!

"He thought he would go home, and come again with his friends.

"'But they will never believe me unless I take something to show them,' argued the clerk. 'They will say I have been dreaming;' and he went up to the table where sat the king and queen, and seized a golden cup and knife.

"Clang! An arrow whistled through the silent hall, and struck the glowing carbuncle, which fell shattered into a thousand pieces.

"The archer had shot his fatal bolt, and darkness filled the hall, so that the clerk, not being able to find his way out, perished miserably.

"That night there was a violent thunderstorm, and when the people left their houses the next morning they found that a thunderbolt had struck the great statue, and that it was lying shattered in the market-place.

"This is an Italian story," concluded the Carbuncle. "It was told to me by a string of Roman pearls long ago. I used to ask him why nobody but the clerk found the secret staircase, but he said he supposed the thunderstorm shook everything into its place again, except the statue, which it shook out."

"I think yours is a very interesting tale," observed the Pearl Necklace, while the Diamond muttered sleepily—

"It's just as true as the Little Old Woman who Lived in her Shoe, and no truer. Somebody tell me a perfectly new story to wake me up, or in two minutes I shall be snoring."

And to tell you the truth, he looked like it.

"Madam, will you not favor us?" said the Ruby, who, although he was old, had far better manners than the Diamond.

The Pearl Necklace hesitated.

"I can tell you a fable about my race," said she; "but whether it will keep the Diamond awake——"

"I assure your ladyship that I am all attention," cried the Diamond hastily, waking up with both eyes. "Pray proceed."

"In my beautiful home in the far East," said the Pearl Necklace, in her soft musical voice, "there is a legend that every year on a certain day the pearl-oysters rise to the surface of the sea, and open their shells to catch the raindrops.

"Then they sink beneath the waves again and the imprisoned drops become pearls.

"This is only a fairy tale, you know, but a great Persian poet wrote a fable about it.

"Once a tiny drop of water fell from the clouds down, down towards the sea.

"It was terrified at the sight of such an expanse of water, and exclaimed sorrowfully—

"'What am I in comparison with this vast ocean? Less than nothing!' and the poor little thing felt quite ashamed of itself.

"But as it reached the sea an oyster opened its shell and took the tiny wayfarer in, and fortune so favored it that it became a magnificent pearl, fit to be placed in a monarch's diadem."

"I propose a vote of thanks all round," said the Ruby.

"Seconded!" cried the Diamond; "and, in the next place, propose that we all go to sleep."

Which all the jewels in the casket then did.

The greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

SMILE AND SIGH.

A lonely Smile, which Smiled in sadness,
Once hailed upon the passing breeze
A new-born Sigh, which sighed in gladness
To give a restless mortal ease.

The Smile and Sigh soon formed a union—
A union everlasting, blest—
Whereby, in brotherly communion,
Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
They lived in peaceful light and shade;
No petty jealousy conceiving,
Of naught, not even Death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
Fate caused them for a time to part,
Each of the other kept a token,
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the Sigh to heaven was carried
On angels' golden wings one day,
While, sighing, the Smile on earth still tarries
And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary.
But since then, so the legend saith,
Death's sigh gives Life unto the weary,
Life's smile itself illumines Death.

BANTER AND REPARTEE.

Jeffreys, the afterwards notorious Chief Justice and Chancellor, was once retained on a trial, in the course of which he had to cross-examine a sturdy country-man, clad in the usual habiliments of a laborer, and, finding the evidence telling against his client, he endeavored to disconcert the witness by exclaiming in his own bluff manner:

"You fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you been paid for swearing?"

This, however, did not answer his purpose; for the man looked him straight in the face, and replied:

"Truly, sir, if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might wear a leathern doublet as well as I."

In another case he was matched by an equally smart witness. Cross examining a gentleman, who frequently used the terms lessor, lessee, assignor, and assignee, he was led to exclaim:

"There, you have been with your assignor and assignee, lessor and lessee. Do you know what a lessor or lessee is? I question whether you do, with all your formal evidence."

"Yes, but I do," replied the witness; "and I will give you an instance. If you nod to me you are the nodder, and if I nod to you, you are the noddee."

This would probably satisfy the counsel that the man knew what he was talking about.

On another occasion the same counsel met with a stinging retort. Having dealings with a gentleman whose nose was of a somewhat peculiar type, he said to him:

"Now, Mr. Coppernose, you have been sworn, what do you say?"

"Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

We are not informed what influence, if any, this evidence had upon the Judge. He would probably be satisfied with the veracity of the women in the following case, assuming that the cross examination be correctly reported.

"Was he a tall man?" he asked.

"Not very tall, your honor; much about the size of you worship's honor," replied the witness.

"Was he good looking?"

"Quite contrary; much like your honor; but with a handsomer nose!"

"Did he squint?"

"A little, your worship; but not so much as your honor by a good deal."

This, we presume, is one of those cases in which comparisons would prove odious.

Lord Kenyon, when trying a case respecting the non fulfilment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the principal question in which was "whether the shoes were well and soundly made with the best materials," asked a witness, pointing to his own shoes:

"Were the shoes anything like these?"

"No, my lord," was the reply, "they were a good deal better and much genteeler."

Abraham Moore was once examining Dr. Brodum, a notorious quack, and desirous of making something out of the name, said to him:

"Your name is Brodum, I believe."

The doctor nodded assent, and the counsel then asked:

"Pray, how do you spell it—Bro dum or Broad-hum?"

This provoked some merriment in court, which increased when the quack replied, with admirable self-possession:

"Why, sare, as I be but a doctor, I spell my name Bro dum; but if I were a barrister, I should spell it Broad-hum!"

Another lawyer, questioning a witness respecting the whereabouts of a ship at a particular time, and being informed that she was then in quarantine, displayed his geographical knowledge by enquiring: "And pray, sir, where is Quarantine?"

On one occasion Serjeant Whitaker was conducting an examination at the bar of the House of Lords, when he put a question to the witness which gave rise to some objections, and a debate of two hours followed as to the propriety of the same. At the end of that time, Whitaker was readmitted, and was desired to put the question over again, but he merely replied:

"Upon my word, my lords, it is so long since I first put the question, that I entirely forget it; but, with your leave, I'll now put another."

The passes between bench and bar are also plentiful, and equally amusing.

A story is told of Sir Fletcher North to the effect that, in addressing a court on some question of manorial rights, he happened to say:

"My lord, I can instance the point in my own person. Now, my lord, I have myself two little manors."

Here Lord Mansfield interposed, with one of his blandest smiles:

"We are well aware of that Sir Fletcher."

This same judge prided himself on his power of discovering very early in a case its true bearings, and was in the habit of taking up a book or newspaper before the counsel had completed their arguments.

On one occasion when he did this, Dunning, who was addressing the court, paused in his argument; upon which Lord Mansfield said, without raising his eyes from his book:

"Pray go on, Mr. Dunning; pray go on."

To this the advocate replied in a sarcastic manner:

"I wait your lordship's pleasure. I fear I shall disturb your lordship's more important occupation; I will wait till your lordship has leisure to attend to my client and his humble advocate."

Serjeant Davy was accused on one occasion of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client.

"I took silver," he explained, because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world; and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

Grains of Gold.

Forbearance is attended with profit.

Life is a journey, and death a return home.

Let another's shipwreck be your sea mark.

Duty cannot be plain in two diverging paths.

It is best to suffer an injury than to commit one.

The loftiest building arises from small accretions.

Poverty makes some humble but more malignant.

Merriment at meat means a long face for the doctor.

Live leisurely unless you are anxious to die in a hurry.

All religion and all ethics are summoned up in "Justice."

Example is the softest and least individious way of commanding.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short pithy sermon to the soul.

Nothing looks more like a man of sense than a fool who holds his tongue.

If men will have no care for the future, they will soon have sorrow for the past.

While silent consider your own faults, and while speaking spare those of others.

To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

Amongst men of the world comfort only signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others.

Femininities.

The greatest of all poetry is a girl's first love letter.

The single eye glass is popular with London ladies.

Actions are the measures of worth, not professions.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

The Prince of Wales always calls his daughter Maud "Jack."

One blushes oftener from the wounds of self-love than from modesty.

To tell the truth under "fashionable" circumstances is very difficult.

Ten moonstone balls arranged in a pyramid form a scarf pin recently shown.

Don't put meat and vegetables into the same compartments of the refrigerator.

Brasswork can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

Write as few letters to gentlemen as possible. A young girl cannot be too careful in that line.

Mounted on a plain gold hoop bracelet, a moth of diamonds, opals and rubies shows with fine effect.

A large white pearl held between the nippers of a realistic-looking crab is a recent design for lace pins.

Easy crying widows take a new husband soonest. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

The woman who really wishes to refuse contents herself with saying so. She who explains wants to be convinced.

Marrying a man you dislike in hopes of loving him afterward is like going to sea in a storm in hopes of fair weather.

A charming young lady of this city, whose father and mother are absent, describes herself naively as a "grass orphan."

New York boy: "Mamma, isn't that a funny little belt?" Mamma: "Hush, child! That's the waist to your sister's new ball dress."

Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception as far as sleep is concerned; the normal average of sleep is 8 hours.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must not forget to set them the example.

To remove stains from marble take ox gall and a wine-glassful of turpentine, and mix into a paste with pipe clay. Put the paste on the stain and let it remain several days.

A Charleston druggist advertised that the milk of a cocoanut would remove freckles, and 4,000 of the nuts were sold at retail in two days to women folks. He got a commission on all sales. The freckles still abide.

A woman who jumped into San Francisco bay, on being rescued maintained complete silence for nearly two days, when she gave this explanation for going overboard: "Oh, I wanted to go to heaven, and that was the quickest way."

Cora: "I really must be careful not to give Mr. Clerk any more encouragement, for I do not want to hurt his feelings." Lilith: "He has not proposed, has he?" Cora: "No, but he has been asking me if I thought I could keep house on $10 a week."

Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, two Illinois teachers, have gone to South Pasadena, Cal., and established a woman's fruit preserving union. They conduct the business themselves, and have been very successful, shipping their goods to New York, Chicago and other large business centers.

Emily Paxton, of Pike county, Mo., has permission from the Governor of that State to wear a man's dress "anywhere in Missouri outside of cities of 10,000 inhabitants," She works on a farm, and her favorite occupation is breaking horses to harness. Of these she herself owns three and has charge of 13.

"I love you, Emeline, with all the fervor at my command," he said, as they strolled in the Park. "Yes, George," she replied, "I know it, and yet I would that you told me of your love in some other terms. I have been loved with fervor, oh! so many times, and I do want this match to amount to something."

Mr. A: "What a pleasant person Mrs. Greene is to visit! She always receives one so courteously, you know." Mr. B.: "Why, that's the only reason that I do not call upon her. It is a sign of vulgarity, don't you know, to appear pleased to see visitors. It looks as though you were not in the habit of receiving company."

At the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Shaw Ingersoll, daughter of ex-Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut, and George Griswold Haven, Jr., recently, it was discovered that the ring had been forgotten. The bride's mother loaned hers to her daughter and the ceremony proceeded. Shortly afterward the groom presented the missing ring and the whole ceremony was repeated.

A woman created quite a sensation on Seventh avenue, New York, the other day. There was a picture of an actor on a wall, and immediately on seeing it she went out into the street and, procuring a handful of mud, proceeded to paste it over the actor's face. She was not satisfied until she had completely obliterated his features. The only reply that a curious looker-on received, when he asked the cause of the singular action, was a volley of mud. He withdrew without further questions, and no one else dared to inquire as to her motive. The woman was not drunk, but very angry, and at the sight of a policeman two blocks off she scurried away.

Masculinities.

Good manners cover defects for a time.

He must stoop low that hath a low door.

Your sayer of smart things has a bad heart.

Some men's heads are bald on the outside and some on the inside.

Too much athletic exercise has made cripples of many young men.

A lady describing an ill-natured man says he never smiles but what he feels ashamed of it.

Eli: "This steak is awful." Joe: "Then why do you eat it?" Eli: "To keep it from being made into hash."

Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher," is 43 years old. He is about 5 feet 6 inches in height and very slender.

"Love levels all things." Perhaps so; but it has been noticed that its tendency is not to make the head level.

What women would do if they could not cry nobody knows. What poor, defenceless creatures they would be.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

"Politician, ain't you?" he inquired of the passenger immediately behind him. "Yes; how did you know?" "Breath."

It has been said, with some meaning, that if men would but rest in silence they might hear the music of the spheres.

Lemon parties continue to be fashionable in the East. Each young man is expected to bring a lemon, a girl and squeezer.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.

Don't endeavor to rest the mind by complete inactivity; let it seek its rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very partial basis, that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.

They that marry ancient people merely in the expectation to bury them, hang themselves in the hope that some one will come out and cut the latter.

It is announced that a young widow in a New England city, who has a literary ability, is training herself for an editor. The editor's name is not given.

Distinguish between idleness, ignorance, want of attention and malice. Words do sometimes slip from the tongue which the heart did neither hatch nor harbor.

In listening to some men's conversation we fancy three marks of admiration at the end of each sentence, as hieroglyphics of the admiration of the speakers at their own cleverness.

Shoemaker's maxims: "Worn at the side, soon a rich man's bride;" "Worn at the toes, spend as he goes;" "Worn on the heel, thinks a good deal;" "Worn on the vamp, he's surely a scamp."

One grade meaner than the man who never gives up his seat to a lady in the horse car is the fellow who punches the small boy across the aisle and tells him to stand up and let the lady sit down.

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles which are imposed upon it; it is thus that we enter upon the most perilous plans after having had the shame of failing in more simple ones.

A jeweler said recently: "I had a man in here whose watch would not run properly just because he wore it over his heart. It's odd, but if a man is of active temperament it makes his watch run slow."

Man is continually saying to woman, "Why are you not more wise?" Woman is constantly saying to man, "Why are you not more loving?" Unless each is both wise and loving there can be no real growth.

John, coming home from a picnic: "But now, look a here, Susie, do you doubt that I love you?" Susan: "Not a bit of it, John; I know you wouldn't have squandered 60 cents for ice cream and things unless you were in dead earnest."

A girl who had got tired of single blessedness wrote to her intended as follows: "Dear Jim, cum rite off if you are cummin' at all. Bill Hilton is insistin' that I shell have him, and he hugs and kisses me so much that I can't hold out much longer."

A circus was in a Kansas town lately, and when one of the preachers of the place had occasion to use his handkerchief in the pulpit the following Sunday he drew out with it a whole handful of peanuts. But as an effort is being made to hush the matter up, other papers are requested not to copy this item.

There is one terrible circumstance in connection with the Venetian glass industry, and that is that after many years of work, when these good people are between 40 and 50 years of age, they begin to lose their sight, and after a short while are wholly blind. The blindness is caused by the excessive heat and also by the glare of the never-ceasing flames from the glass-furnaces.

A Louisville despatch says: "Frederick Wagner, who arrived here from Birmingham, Ala., yesterday, said he was a native of Chemnitz, Saxony, and had come to Birmingham under contract to work on a railroad. There were 120 in the gang of laborers in which he came. They were promised $15 a month and board, but were paid only 5 cents a day. He could talk no English, and knew nothing of the Contract Labor law. He had escaped with difficulty from Birmingham. He was given a pass, and continued his trip toward New York."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"How God's House Grew" is the opening paper of the October *Quiver*, and comes very appropriately at a time when cathedral building is being agitated in this country. Another timely article is "A Manchester Ministry," sketching the life and work of the Rev. J. A. Macfayden, M. A., D. D. "Aunt Jane's Nieces" is a bright story, and is followed by a more serious contribution, "Hands and Hearts," from the Rev. Fred. Hastings. "Our Soldiers' Amusements" is an amusing paper, as its title suggests. Stories, poetry, an essay on "Influence," one of Prof. Blaikie's chapters in the "New Book of Martyrs," "A Supreme Appeal," by Rev. Arthur Finlayson, a carefully prepared article on "Cruelty to Children," and some crisp articles in the "Short Arrows" department, complete a varied and interesting number. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The frontispiece of the October number of the *Magazine of Art* is a photogravure of a peasant's head—"Madonina"—from a picture by Miss "Francesca" Alexander, an American lady. The opening article of the number is one of the series of "Glimpses of Artist Life," and gives an account of a well-known art club of London. This is followed by a criticism of "The Sculpture of the Year," which, like the foregoing, is illustrated. Very timely is the selection of Jean Francois Millet as the subject of "The Barbizon School" series of papers. Examples of Millet's work is given, among them a page reproduction of the famous "Angelus," which was recently purchased by Mr. Sutton, of New York, for upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. "An Artist's Holidays" is pleasant reading for this time of the year, while "A Stroll Through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass.," is good for any season. The Art Notes are full, and the number is altogether excellent. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

LIVING LIKE A QUEEN.—The Spanish Queen Regent makes her summer residence at La Granja, a little town about thirty-five miles south of Badajoz, better known in history by its old name of San Ildefonso.

It stands high, and has pure cold air. The houses in the neighborhood are of course filled by fugitives from the oppressive heat of Madrid.

Her Majesty's style of living is extremely quiet and simple, there being a slight relaxation of the strict etiquette which prevails at Madrid.

She is an early riser, being usually at her toilet shortly after six o'clock, and by half-past seven she has already heard Mass and gone into the garden with the little King.

At about half-past ten she returns to the house, reads the morning papers, Spanish and foreign, and has luncheon at mid-day, Ministers and persons of mark being generally invited to that meal.

Until half-past four, when an excursion is usually made to one of the many picturesque places in the neighborhood, the time is occupied with conversation and attention to the house and children. Dinner is at 8, and at 9 o'clock the Queen says "Good night" to everybody.

The suite are quite delighted with this style of living; but there is, at least, one of them who seems at present incapable of tasting enjoyment. This is Senor Castelar, who, ever since the death of his sister, has led a very quiet and retired life.

He avoids all festive gathering, and hardly ever, if he can help it, goes within the Royal residence, his only solace consisting in long, solitary excursions to distant bits of scenery, like the waterfall at the Rio Cardero.

HORSES THAT WEAR BUSTLES.—"Did you ever see horses that wore bustles, just like a woman?" asked an Atlanta physician, who is just back from Kentucky. "John Hughes showed a pair of horses in a buggy that he had been offered $3500 for, and asked $5000. They took the blue ribbon, and knew every gait that a horse ever made. These horses wore bustles all the time except when on the road. When put in their stalls a wire bustle, just such as a lady wears, only smaller, was put under the tail and held there by a strap. This made the horse throw the tail from the body, and gave it style in action. Many horses in Kentucky wear bustles. It is a regular trade about Lexington to buy a likely handsome horse from the country for $300 or $400, and educate him to all the gaits, and give him style, speed him up a little, and sell him for a thousand or so."

MANY an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zig-zag road that leads to the mountain top.

HE may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

WORMS IN CHILDREN worry and fret them, the attending symptoms simulating many different diseases. When their presence is indicated, use at once Doctor Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, and you will rid their bodies of the Worms and clear out their nests. You will find this remedy also a good Tonic for Weakness and General Debility in children or adults, restoring the Appetite and curing most of the symptoms of Dyspepsia.

TOOTHACHE ODDITIES.

For the cure of this trouble some Dublin natives think it expedient to procure a sharp piece of wood, and early in the morning push it into a newly-made grave by the agency of the aching tooth.

Another singularly unreasoning remedy is to pare the finger and toe nails, wrapping the superfluities carefully in paper, and placing the parcel in a slit in the bark of an ash-tree.

The story is told of an old lady performing this feat when a child, and never afterwards being troubled with the toothache.

The belief that the pain is caused by a worm is more natural, and is also mentioned by the Bard of Avon. Derbyshire (England) folk have an odd way of extracting the supposed creature.

A small quantity of a certain powdered herb being placed in a cup, a hot cinder is placed thereon, and the smoke inhaled by the patient, who afterwards breathes into a glass of water, where they then expect to see the worm.

We have been eye-witnesses to a very similar process, the smoke from the herbs being in the interior of a basin, and boiling water immediately afterwards poured into the vessel, the steam from which the operator endeavored to inhale.

Northern mythology mentions an eel-shaped grub as a German belief of the cause of their trouble, for which they possess an incantation.

An old lady wrote that when she was a child, her father caused her to bite the back of a snake, he holding the head and tail, as a preventive against toothache.

At Uncrcham, in Gloucestershire, a nurse, with the same object, made a custom of washing a newly baptized child's mouth with a portion of the sanctified water.

A ridiculous idea for prevention is that prevalent in Sussex—the clothing of the right foot before the left with stockings, trousers, and boot.

The old fancy of eating a drawn tooth and throwing it into the fire is still known in Scotland. In Cornwall some of the inhabitants expect to obtain an annual release by biting the first fern appearing in the Spring.

From an Anglo-Saxon Leech Book we cull the following cure for "jowl-pain: Burn a swallow to dust and mix it with bee's honey; to be eaten frequently."

The afflicted in Staffordshire and Shropshire must watch a mole trap, and immediately it is sprung and before the poor animal dies, its hand-like paws are to be cut off; subsequently, they are worn, a right paw for the right side, and vice versa.

In Wiltshire it is simply requisite to wear the forelegs and hindleg of a "want" (mole) in a bag suspended from the neck.

Those who were troubled with the tic-douloureux at Stamfordham, Northumberland, were accustomed to walk to Winter's Gibbet on Elsdon Moor, ten or twelve miles away, for a splinter of wood, which they believed would heal their complaint.

Some credulous people preserved a double-nut in their pocket for the same reason. Here is a curious remedy: In Denmark, an elder-stick is put into the mouth and taken out and stuck into a wall while saying, "Depart, thou evil spirit."

Rabelais speaks of washing the tooth with elder-vinegar and allowing it to dry half an hour in the sun.

The toothache Tree is an exceedingly small deciduous one, having foliage similar to the ash, and is common from Canada to Virginia. Its name is derived from the fact that the hot acrid bark is largely used for the relief of the pain.

The Angelica Tree, in North America, is also styled by the name of the foregoing. In the Orkneys and north of England the following cabalistic words are carried about the former place styling them worthy lines:

Peter sat on a marble stone weeping:
Christ came past, and said: "What aileth thee, Peter?"
"O my Lord, my God, my tooth doth ache!"
"Arise, O Peter! Go thy way; thy tooth shall ache no more."

There are many variations of this. A similar charm to the Peter one is used in France for fever.

LEMON PARTIES.—Lemon parties, which were somewhat in vogue last winter in Washington society, have broken out at the watering places. One was given recently at Lake George cottage. The hostess hung her rooms with delicate yellow crepe, the inexpensive Japanese sort, which is, however very effective. Yellow shades were on all the lamps, shining through yellow porcelain, added their mite to the golden effect. On the piazza and grounds were Chinese lanterns, all swinging in yellow bags.

Every guest, as is required, gave a lemon to the servant who opened the door. These were subsequently taken to the kitchen, and all the seeds carefully taken out and collected in a small glass jar. The company meanwhile were engaged in cards and conversation in the parlors.

At a signal from the hostess the jar was brought in and passed in review before every guest, who made a mental estimate of the number of seeds it contained, and recorded his opinion upon a small yellow tablet already furnished him, endorsing his count with his signature. The tablets were afterwards collected and the results announced.

The winner, who was the one, of course, whose guess came nearest the number of seeds, received a pretty lemonade set, and the "booby" a lemon squeezer ornamented with a yellow bow.

Lemon cake, lemon jelly, lemonade and lemon ices constituted the refreshments, and every guest, on leaving, was presented with a box of lemon drops tied with yellow ribbon.

STEALING BONDS.—An official in the United States Sub-Treasury tells of a remarkable recovery of Government funds. "I don't suppose you remember," he said, "when Jay Cooke was dealing out the seven-thirty bonds here for the government. The transactions were enormous and the business aggregated many millions each week. A very rich man in this city invested $100,000 and his bonds were $5000 each. He represented a sort of syndicate of friends. He took the bonds home and put them away in his safe, and a few days afterwards he couldn't find them there. The safe was on a top floor, and the bonds had been put in a big leather book that rolled about them, making a package like those used for music. There was a panic in the house and a great deal of police work. Days passed and no bonds turned up. Now where do you suppose they were? They were found in a box in the garret where there was a litter of puppies. The old man was fond of dogs, and they were all about the house. He had evidently left the safe open one day, and one of the dogs had taken the roll as a plaything."

"Were they killed?"

"Not a kill. They all got new collars, and '7.30' was put on every one of them in raised letters.

AN extraordinary story is being told in Berlin about the miraculous escape of a woman and a little boy at Brieg. "During the manœuvres there they got in front of a regiment of soldiers which was riding at full gallop. It was impossible for the woman to escape and for the soldiers to halt. The public raised a shout of horror, thinking the woman and the child would be trampled to death, and the foremost officer called to her to lie down. This she did, placing the boy underneath her. The whole regiment rode over her, and, as the horses were all made to leap over her, she was, to the astonishment of everybody, unharmed, though for some time she was speechless with terror."

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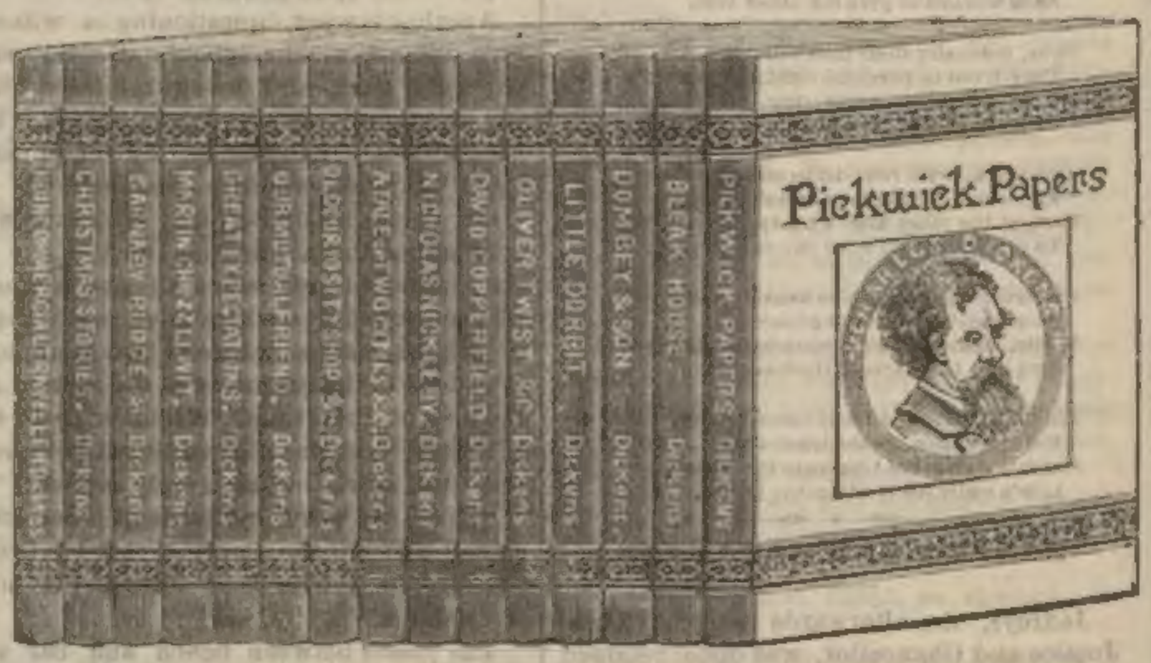

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Address,

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

ALL THINGS HAVE AN END.

The tents are struck, the whisky jugs and flasks are thrown away,
And the boys are in the city, and at work again to-day;
The russet shoes are taken off by maidens trim and neat,
And they no longer seem to care to show their pretty feet.

No longer at the hop the maid doth through the many dances whirl,
The Summer girl 's no fairer now than any other girl;
This is the course of human life; to change we all must bend,
And everything that's good or bad in time comes to an end.

—U. N. Nown.

Open for engagement—Portholes.

He is a mean man who, on meeting an acquaintance who is afflicted with the ague, says, "Shake."

"Not every one is happy who dances," says a Spanish proverb. This is at least true of the man who has just stepped on a tack.

"Sonny, how can I get to the railway station from here?" "Have you got a carriage?" "No, my little lad." "Oh, then you'll have to walk!"

A natural aptitude for the profession.—Visitor: "Johnny, what are you going to be when you grow up?" Johnny (aged 4): "I'm going to be a doctor—see me kill a toad now."

Elevated railroad conductor: "Schwx, z-mixstrish!" Stranger: "What street did you say?" E. R. C., with blood in his eye: "Schwxzmixstrish!" Stranger: "Thanks."

Henry: "So you asked old Growler for his daughter, last night, did you, Fred? And how did you come out?" Fred: "It was a window, I believe, Henry. That was the best I could do, though."

Bessie, who has never seen a real black negro before: "Mamma, what sort of a man is that?" Mamma: "A negro, my dear." "Well, I guess he must have spilled some ink in his complexion powder."

Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for County Clerk in Texas offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, promised to do the same and throw a cradle in.

First tramp, crying piteously: "A man caught me and set me to work." Second tramp: "Well, you fool, this is a free country; what made you do it?" First tramp: "He said if I didn't he'd wash my face."

It may be all very well to be particular as to who we show special courtesy to, but the man who is not willing to bow or dodge at the rapid approach of a brick is lacking in the first and truest principles of politeness.

"There is no excuse for a man's coming to grief," said the philosopher tourist to a traveling companion. "Why not?" "Because he would have to wait but very little longer if he were to sit still and let grief come to him."

New reasons are arising every day that go to show woman's incapacity for public business. People who don't seem to know enough to be certain about their own ages are hardly the class to trust with the destinies of a nation.

The mother of a family was saying that as soon as the youngest child reached a certain age she should break up the nursery. "Oh, mamma," said one of the children, "that will be fine sport; I will break up the chairs and John shall break up the tables."

Senior partner, to head clerk: "You'll excuse me for mentioning it, but—er—your face is hardly as tidy as I would like to see it." Head Clerk—"I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir." "So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time."

Mrs. Jason: "It really is a pity that the papers devote so much space to scandal." Mr. Jason: "It is, indeed. By the way, did you see anything in the papers about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?" Mrs. Jason. "No. Tell me about it, quick! Who was she?" Mr. Jason: "His wife."

An enviable record. Manager of large manufactory.—"The position you ask is one that calls for both honesty and capacity. Can you satisfy us as to those requirements?" Applicant (hesitatingly)—"I hardly know, I am afraid not. I have been twice defeated for Alderman in my ward, and been rejected as a juryman not less than eleven times." Manager (to assistant)—"Put him on the pay roll."

"Jones, I have a very fine book here—only a dollar. Every farmer ought to buy it." "What is it about?" "The title is, 'Keep the Boys on the Farm,' and its theme, sir, is——" "Eh? 'Keep the Boys on the Farm!' I suppose you didn't know that all my boys are girls?" "No, I didn't." "And I've just paid out $20 for a shot gun and a club to keep the boys off the farm. Don't want your book."

A New York pastor who, though a Scotchman, had lived in America over 40 years, was one day taken to task by his daughter for the broadness of his accent in the pronunciatin of the word difference. "How do I pronounce it?" he asked. "You say dufference." "And what do you say?" "Difference." Looking at her for a moment, and getting her to repeat, he continued: "Well, now, will you just be so kind as to tell me the difference between dufference and dufferance?" The daughter gave up her hopeless scholar to "gang his ain gait" in pronunciation henceforth.

No matter how severe your cough may be—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure it. 25c.

For curing cramps, swellings, and inflammations of all kinds rub with Salvation Oil.

As the stream gradually wears the channel deeper in which it runs, and thus becomes more surely bound to its accustomed course, so the current of the mind and heart grows more and more restricted to the course in which habit has taught them to flow. These intellectual and moral habits form many peculiarities of character and chiefly distinguish one individual from another. They are therefore, of the utmost importance.

THE following letter was received by a physician from a man he knew, practicing medicine, and desiring counsel: "dear Dock—I have a pashunt whos physical sines showe that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have drop down in his stumick I have given hym everry thin without effeckt her father is welthy honable and influenshal as he is member of assembly and god now I don't want to loos hym what shall I do ans by return male. Yours frat."

A young man asked a lawyer of Montreal to find out what was the fortune of a young woman of that city. The lawyer went to work and in time reported that the lady was worth at least $100,000. The client seemed satisfied, promised to pay liberally, soon married the young woman and sent the lawyer a check for a rather small amount. The lawyer sent in a bill and the young man wouldn't pay. Then followed a lawsuit and publicity.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less.

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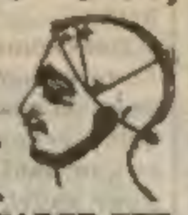

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 23, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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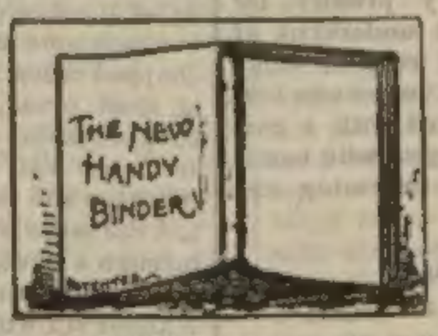

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

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DR. RADWAY. I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

In Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF not only cures the patient seized with MALARIA, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, drink twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water, and eat a piece of cracker or crust of bread, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

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DR RADWAY: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Pills, and feel a great deal better. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am

Yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Latest Fashion Phases.

White lace costumes are exceedingly elegant and becoming, be they of costly or less expensive lace.

In style they look like the low-cut night-dress gathered in at the waist with gold belt or cord; the scant, straight underskirt of pale tinted silk gives this costume a fairy-like effect.

A special feature of this season's costumes is the half low, round cut neck, an inment very welcome in changeable weather.

The high English collar will again be duly appreciated when the "Autumn winds give place to Winter's storms" and announce notice of the return to the city.

The quaint costumes borrow their chief charm from those in vogue during the eighteenth century, which the deft hands of the modistes adapt to the present exigencies of fashion.

The "Florian," a beautiful costume of this style, is of painted mousseline de soie with petticoat of sea green silk.

Ribbons, velvet, embroidery and fancy feathers are the trimmings most used in millinery.

Double-faced satin ribbons are the latest caprice of Paris milliners, but gros grain, faille, striped and velvet ribbons are also largely used, the latter in widths varying from one to two and a half inches.

Flat straight edges or else merely a cord finish all new ribbons. Velvet cut bias forms fluted edges of bonnets, or extends over the brim of bonnets, toques and round hats alike, for the last half covering the brim inside and outside alike.

All made crowns are lengthwise in soft, full folds, coming up from the back of the crown, and trimmings on smooth hats have this same effect to heighten the crown from the back.

Embroideries on cloth, on velvet and on thin net or silk mousseline, and metallic embroideries on camels' hair, come in open designs and most varied colors, all black, or black with gold, or black with many colors, and are done in silks, in tinsel threads, in beads and also in chenille of very fine strands and close pile that will not tray.

Jet will be used again, especially in a bandeau of large faceted pieces, sometimes with pendants, on colored bonnets, on black bonnets and on round hats.

The principal features of trimmings for opening the season are fancy feathers made up in every conceivable fashion, and finally fashioned into birds unlike any ever seen before.

The natural birds used are the blackbirds now in vogue with pointed wing and tail feathers, and many small white birds alone, or in pairs like twins, or in clusters of three or four, and also groups of humming-birds posed to show their jeweled throats of topaz, emerald and gold.

Wings of white, gray, black birds are posed on the sides to point toward the front or back, as the shape of the hat may suggest.

The Buffalo Bill bandeau is an Indian trimming of mahogany-colored and black feathers.

The Edison green—an electric shade copied from the lights thrown on fountains—is seen in all kinds of small feathers and in ostrich tips.

Very long aigrettes curled at the end are a new feature this season, and there are many of the shorter cross aigrettes in all the new colors.

A distinguishing feature of new materials, is the broad combination breadth brought out for the front of skirts, together with lesser borderings for corsage, sleeves and other parts of the skirt, sometimes in the way of panels and foot ornamentations.

The two latter at times, however, are dispensed with, but the front breadth remains, with corresponding touches on the waist, and as may be supposed, these additions vary in no small degree, as to richness.

Much that is striking and novel appears, and prominent among them are tapestry patterns, which run from extremely large floral designs to small buds and sprays.

The least expensive are all wool, like the remainder of the costume, but as an enhancement the more costly attractions of silk, velvet, velours and even plush, are brought forward and rise in the latter styles to an incomparable beauty.

Not a few of the higher class combination fronts are set in a frame work of plush or velvet, after the manner of pictures, and the designs within are brought out with proportionate effectiveness.

Handsomest among them are leaves and flowers, done in black velvet on grounds in novel shades of copper, or *rouge* (red gold), *eclador* (blueish green), purplish red, or dahlia, and a new rust color called *Tour Eiffel*, after the Eiffel Tower, and this may be expected to have a great run, and displace the reddish browns seen hitherto.

The plain fabric, which forms the body of the costume, corresponds, of course, with these new grounds and with both, a striking contrast is produced by the rich black velvet figures that with thick pile rise quite out of their surroundings.

They seem embossed, and a key-note is given furthermore to what will be a leading idea—that of black on colors, particularly in the way of garniture. This, of course, is not novel, but side fair to be quite as much in favor as if newly presented to fashionables.

Where the velvet or plush border is placed around combination fronts it is continued of course in more delicate proportion, for panels and borders, since uniformity demands it.

Fashions continue to be most simple; the skirt is either gathered or plaited. The upper skirt either falls quite loose or is very slightly draped.

The bodice, whether plain or gathered, is made with a basque, so as to fit well. But the skirt is put on over the basque, and a scarf or sash, passed twice round the waist, conceals the junction between skirt and bodice.

A practical walking-dress is of light woolen material, proof both against dust and rain.

One is of fancy striped pekin, of two shades of gray, and white bure. The skirt front of white bure is slightly draped; the tunic, cut Princesse fashion, is of the striped material.

The tunic opens in front from the neck, over a very unique vest of gray bengaline, of one of the shades of the stripes.

This vest is finished into two long lapels, which are crossed at the waist, the end of one lapel being passed through a large buttonhole worked in the other. The fronts of the bodice are trimmed with deep revers of white bure.

There are also square pockets with flaps of white bure at the sides of the tunic, and deep facings of the same over the tight sleeves.

At the back the skirt falls loose in two large treble plaits. A ruffle of white crepe is daintily quilled to fill up the space between the revers.

The second costume is of Mousco—blue foulard delaine over silk of the same color. The skirt is finely plaited surplice fashion, without any drapery.

The jacket bodice of the same material forms a small demorgo basque at the back, and remains wide open in front, over a plaited chemisette of white crepe lisse.

A deep belt of white gros grain goes round the waist under the jacket, and fastens in front with a wide silver buckle. Directoire collar and revers of blue surah. Cut sleeves turned up with small peaked revers at bottom, lined with white silk.

Fancy woolens with pattern for the trimmings also make up very prettily for walking dresses. With an underskirt of silk and a second skirt of gray or beige woolen fabric, edged with a deep white border, a plaited bodice trimmed with a narrow white band, or a redingote with bands down the front, very nice becoming costumes are combined.

Odds and Ends.

A FRENCH COOK AND POULTRY.

Poultry nearly always has a place in a French dinner in some form or other, consequently the ways of cooking it are various, and we think superior to ours. It seems to us that the recipes for dressing fowls are numberless; we will begin with a few of them.

Roast Fowl.—When trussing the fowl put into the body a large pinch of salt and lump of butter; sew up the opening, fasten a slice of fat bacon over the breast of the fowl; roast it, basting it well; sprinkle with salt when done (not before), and serve with watercresses over which you have squeezed the juice of a lemon, and put the gravy made in roasting the fowl.

Another Way.—Prepare as above, with the salt and butter inside; then rub the fowl well all over with a cut lemon, and envelope it in a buttered paper; roast and serve with tomatoes or mushrooms, or a la ravigote or financiere.

Fowl with Tarragon.—Blanch some tarragon leaves; chop them. Chop the liver of the fowl, add a lump of butter and some chopped bacon; to these put a quarter of the tarragon, salt, pepper and nutmeg; put this forcemeat into the body of the fowl, cover the breast with a slice of bacon fat, put buttered paper over and roast. Melt a piece of butter in a stewpan, add a little flour and the remainder of the chopped tarragon; moisten with broth, add a few drops of vinegar, two yolks of eggs, salt and pepper; let the sauce thicken, but not boil, and serve with the fowl.

Capon with Rice.—Put the capon in a stewpan with some parsley and mushroom trimmings, then add stock enough to nearly cover it (the stock should be strained, but have the fat left on it), cook gently; when done keep the capon hot, strain and skim the broth, let it boil, and add one-third the quantity of rice that there is broth; boil twenty-five minutes, finish with a little butter, and serve round the capon.

Fowl with Rice.—If you have no stock, put a fowl in a stewpan with some bacon; cook it five minutes. Boil two carrots, two onions, a piece of celery, parsley and herbs, in a quart of water for half an hour; put in the fowl and bacon, let them simmer ten minutes (or longer if it is not young), then throw in half a pint of rice, and season with pepper and salt; cook until done, remove the vegetables and herbs, and serve the fowl on the rice. Fowls that are not young are boiled gently in the stock-pot until tender.

Fowl and Tartar Sauce.—Choose a young fowl, prepare it, then split it down the back, flatten it with the side of the chopper, put it in a marinade of oil, pepper, salt, lemon juice, chopped onion and parsley; leave it an hour, then grill it and serve with tartar sauce. Some cooks, instead of putting the fowl in the marinade, put it in a stewpan with a little butter and bacon fat for about a quarter of an hour, over a slow fire, then breadcrumb it and fry or grill it.

Duck and Cabbage.—Throw a cabbage in boiling water and cook it for a few minutes, then press it, to get the water from it as much as possible. Put the duck in a stewpan and brown it slightly with some slices of bacon fat and a slice of ham; leave the bacon and the ham at the bottom of the stewpan and place a layer of cabbage on it, then put in the duck and the remainder of the cabbage over and round it. Tie sweet herbs, parsley and a clove in muslin and put them in; add pepper and salt, and put small sausages on the top of the cabbage; cover closely and cook gently until tender. (Time according to size of duck.)

Duck and Green Peas.—Cook the duck as for "aux navets," but instead of the turnips have ready some peas in a little very cold water into which some butter has been worked; when the duck is half done pour off the gravy, put some slices of bacon at the bottom of the stewpan, then put in the peas with a branch of parsley, a scallion, some small white onions, a lump of sugar and a little salt; place the duck in the middle, cover and let it finish cooking over a slow fire. When done serve with the vegetables round. The duck to be dressed in this way should be young.

Salmis de Canard.—Roast a young duck with four or five thin slices of bread under it; let it get cold, then cut it up; chop up the backbone and the trimmings. Cook a chopped onion in butter, pound the slices of roast bread, and add them with the chopped duck, two shallots, pepper, mace and a bay leaf; moisten with a tumbler of red wine and the same quantity of broth. Let the sauce reduce to one-half, pass it through a sieve, put it back in the stewpan, and warm the pieces of duck in it without allowing it to boil. Put the stew on a dish, and serve with fried sippets round. A salmi is generally made with a duck or part of a duck that has been roasted for table. It answers quite as well to fry the slices of bread a nice brown in some of the fat from the ducks.

Roast Ducks.—Ducks are roasted with a lump of butter and pepper and salt in them, and the juice of a lemon is put in the dripping-pan. They are served with their own gravy, and watercresses with a little of the contents of the dripping-pan on them.

Duck with Sourcrout is prepared in the same way as with cabbage, but the sourcrout must be washed in several waters.

FIRST DUDE—"I have tewible news; Charles is dead." Second Dude—how did he die?" First Dude—"His cane fell on him."

Confidential Correspondents.

M. M.—Write a pretty letter to the young man you foolishly offended, and he will soon be at your side again.

ALCOHOL.—Bay Rum is the result of a distillation of the leaves of the laurel known as the bay tree. It is also extensively produced by chemical combination.

BUTLER.—The lotus is a large fragrant white flower, the rose of ancient Egypt; made into wreaths or garlands, it was often placed on the heads of females or held in the hands. It frequently appears in the heiroglyphs.

E. L.—We have two thoughts of the young gentleman you speak of; the first is that he only means amusement by his messages; the second, that he is bashful. Your own good sense will readily suggest the own proper course in either case.

S. T. M.—The entire land grants to railroads by Congress alone aggregate 200,000 square miles, an area greater than Texas, and nearly five times the area of all the New England States, or greater than all England, Scotland and Ireland combined.

CONSTANCE.—The fact of a house being unfortunate on account of having in it as residents thirteen people, is a long exploded superstition. The same remark applies equally to all your other questions. By "unhappy" you doubtless mean unlucky.

W. N. G.—Book-printing is an expensive and often a losing business. Even if you have talent, if you have no literary reputation, the work would in all probability fail. Our advice is that, under no circumstances, you had better not think of any such thing, at all events for the present.

VORTEX.—The word "civilian" is used to distinguish persons who are not in the army or navy. Thus every person in the former is "a military man," and every person in the latter is "a naval man," and every person who is neither is "a civilian." The term was also applied to the Learned Doctors of Laws in the old Ecclesiastical Courts.

BEAUPORT.—The sense of hearing can be rendered very acute by practising it to any particular sound. Thus miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and physicians distinguish the action of the heart by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish in tossing money, which side is uppermost, though covered by the hand.

C. S.—You have no right to engage a lady's affections unless you see some reasonable hope of being able to marry her. Nothing is more unmanly, selfish and contemptible than perpetually hovering round and paying attentions to a girl, winning her regard and isolating her from others, when there is no near and rational prospect of marriage with yourself.

P. L. W.—The word "bazaar" is derived from the Persian "bazar"—sale, exchanges of goods, market. It is generally the name applied to a private sale, and to our knowledge there is no record of its first use in this country. All market places in Eastern countries, either open or covered, are termed "bazaars;" as well as the meeting place of merchants to transact business one with another, as on Change in England or the Bourse in France. The word is used nowhere in the Bible.

FAIRPORT.—Amber is a clear yellow petrification, and is supposed to be derived from the gum of some ancient cypress trees now extinct. It frequently encloses the bodies of flies, bugs, lizards and species of insects and animals that no longer exist. It is found on the coast of the Baltic sea in larger quantities than any where else in the world. The ancients set a great value on it—conjectured that it came from the stars, and even endowed it with a soul. According to fable, amber is the tears of the sisters of Phaethon, who, after he was dashed from heaven for attempting to drive the horses of his father, the Sun, were changed into weeping poplars.

MORAN.—There are two ancient writers by the name of Pliny—uncle and nephew; but the former is by far the most famous. He was one of the most celebrated writers of old Rome, near which city he was born about the year 23 of the Christian era. He lost his life in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, whither he had gone to watch the phenomenon in the year A. D., 79. His great work was entitled "Natural History" is the only one of his many productions that has descended to our times. It is one of the most curious, valuable, and interesting works of antiquity, either to the scholar or general reader. It has been translated into all of the modern languages.

CAMDEN.—Catacombs are large vaults, with galleries and chambers, in which many nations in certain periods of their history were accustomed to deposit the dead. The Egyptians were the most anxious on this subject, and the practice appears to have been continued by them for at least 3,000 or 4,000 years or more. They embalmed the bodies, and under the influence of superstition prepared them for long endurance. The catacombs were covered with paintings in fresco, thousands of which are still as perfect and fresh as though painted within the passing year. Rome has catacombs of vast extent; and Paris and Syracuse have others, but not so numerous.

SUE.—A good liquid blacking can be made by dissolving one ounce of caoutchou in half a pound of hot rape oil. To this add three and three-quarter pounds of ivory black, and two and a half pounds of molasses, along with three-quarters of an ounce of finely ground gum Arabic previously dissolved in a gallon of vinegar. These are to be ground in a paint mill until the mixture is perfectly smooth. To this eleven ounces of sulphuric acid are to be now added in small successive quantities, with powerful stirring for half an hour; at the end of which time two and three-quarter ounces of finely ground gum Arabic are added; after which the stirring is repeated half an hour daily for 14 days longer, when the liquid blacking is ready for use.

F.—You are quite old enough to judge and act for yourself, but your conduct has been neither judicious nor discreet. We do not approve of underhanded practices of any description; and your mother should have been your bosom-confidant all along. Put the case now fully before her and plead your cause sensibly. You must reason together and weigh carefully your respective grounds of difference. We quite feel the force of what you say as to your usefulness in the home circle; and it is not improbable that there may be a certain proportion of selfishness on your parent's side. But we do not know all the facts, and so find a difficulty in advising. Write again, and above all things be frank and honest at home. The further period asked for is comparatively short, but do not "shilly-shally."